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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 155

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

Fumbling with a Moral Issue 158
Our Naval Waste 158
The End of Korea 159
Magazine Printing 160

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

Thomas Campion 161
News for Bibliophiles 164

CORRESPONDENCE:

Wordsworth's "Maiden City" 165
A Plea for Bores 165
English History 165
The 1622 First Folio 166
Totschweigen Too Dead Still 166

LITERATURE:

A Personal Study of Cecil Rhodes.. 166
Celt and Saxon 168
Caprice, Her Book 168
The Bourgeois 168
Saint Theresa of Spain 169
The Fascinating Duc de Richelieu .. 169
Ammiani Marcellini Rerum Gestarum Libri Qui Supersunt 170
Commodore John Rodgers 170

NOTES 171

SCIENCE 173

MUSIC:

Judaism in Music 173
Franz Liszt 173

ART:

Histoire de l'imagerie populaire flamande et de ses rapports avec les imageries étrangères 174

FINANCE:

Strengthening a Bank Position 175

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 175

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1910.

The Week.

President Taft's letter to Mr. Griscom is calm in tone, but is a terrible exposure of trickery and bad faith on the part of the men who have set themselves up as managers of the Republican party in the State of New York. Chief among them is Vice-President Sherman. He is entitled to the first prize for demerit. From the detailed statement of the President, it is clear that Mr. Sherman attempted to deceive, first Mr. Taft and then the public; that he suppressed a telegram from the President which would have put a wholly different light upon the matter coming before the State Committee; that he intrigued with Barnes and Ward and Woodruff behind the President's back; and that his subsequent effort to make it appear that he was spokesman for the Administration was an impudent and false pretence. Whatever may be hereafter thought of him as a man, his reputation as a politician is ruined. He is about to start on a campaigning tour in the West, where it was announced that he would interpret the President's views. But the country now knows what is the President's view of him.

There can be no doubt that Chairman Griscom is right in saying that the action of the State Committee can now easily be reversed. It is not yet settled whether Mr. Roosevelt's "engagements" will admit of his acting as chairman at the State Convention; and we may feel pretty sure that, if the signs are plain that the New York Republican campaign is to be a losing one, the "fortune's champion" of Sagamore Hill, "ever strong upon the stronger side," will not put himself at the head of it. Yet in any event there is certain to be a great change of front at the State Convention. The progressive element of the party, with both Roosevelt and the Administration on its side, will be able to decide what the platform shall be and what sort of candidate shall be chosen. President Taft's explicit endorsement of some form of direct primary will make it inevitable that the party—unless it wishes to be buried a thousand fathoms deep—will come out for it unmistakably. In general, the President's letter is a great source of strength to the decent Republicans of New York. The Ward-Barnes-Wadsworth-Woodruff plans have been smashed. The way is now open for a vigorous rally by honest Republicans, and for a campaign which is not foredoomed at once to defeat and disgrace, as any campaign directed by the disreputable machine crowd would surely have been.

Gov. Hughes's investigators into the charges of the fraud in the Adirondack land purchases are plainly "getting warm." At the first session, George N. Ostrander described the methods by which the Raquette Falls Land Company, in which he was associated with ex-Congressman Louis W. Emerson, paid $217,000 in dividends on $200,000 of capital in four and one-quarter years. In 1906, the company sold to the State for $152,314, land which it had purchased five years earlier for $84,814, a profit of more than $63,000, not to speak of the sum of $26,000 received from the "Paper Bag Trust" for timber sold from the tract. The Pickhardt tract on Schroon Lake, which was bought for $3.65 an acre, was sold eleven months later to the State for $7.25 an acre. This land, it appeared, had been offered to the State by its former owners at about half what Ostrander got for it. But the forest purchasing board, of which Commissioner Whipple of the State Forest, Fish, and Game Department and Speaker Wadsworth were members, refused the offer, although they later accepted one from Ostrander at the enormously increased figure. This bit of Republican prosperity Ostrander gratefully acknowledged by regular campaign contributions to the Republican party. At a later session, it developed that Ostrander had put his name to Whipple's notes for $20,000. Of course, this had nothing to do with the fact that Commissioner Whipple was a highly influential factor in recommending what lands should be bought by the State.

In practice, it is never easy to separate the sheep from the goats, and this holds good for the segregation process now under way within the ranks of the Republican party. There are regulars and there are insurgents, but there are also more or less timorous wanderers between the camps. On the progressive side it has been necessary to coin the term "near-insurgents." On the stand-pat side one daily paper finds it possible to speak of Representative Mann of Illinois as "an unusually independent regular." The phrase suggests infinite gradations. From regularity to independent regularity, from independent regularity to unusually independent regularity, from unusually independent regularity to almost chronically independent regularity, from almost chronically independent regularity to near-insurgency, from near-insurgency to insurgency—here is an entire spectrum of party color, where but a short year ago was only the single unbroken ray of Republican white light. At present, indeed, it is scarcely right to speak of factional lines within the Republican party; but here and there and everywhere fissures and gaps and leads are opening up, as in the ice-field in spring, to the sound of much grinding and groaning.

Senator Lodge has again satisfactorily explained away all the tariff misunderstandings. We expect, therefore, to hear no more insurgent mutterings in Massachusetts, particularly as the Senator has used a new argument that will close every mouth that might have opened to give voice to tariff discontent. He denounced, it is reported, "any effort to strike at the tariff now when any revision will necessarily be done according to the old, unscientific method." The inadequate report before us stupidly fails to tell us how Mr. Lodge rehearsed his long years of protest against the old, unscientific methods of tariff-making and regularly denounced to Massachusetts audiences the result thereof. Surely all our readers will remember his heated outbursts against the Dingley and McKinley tariffs because of the manner of their construction, even though they have slipped our minds. But Mr. Lodge did not confine himself to straightening out the tariff. He quelled rebellion in his own camp by squelching Joseph Walker, the Speaker

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of the Massachusetts House, who has just declared himself a "Progressive." Mr. Lodge announced that he disliked any classification of Republicans. He said he objected to the term "insurgent" or "progressive" or any other adjective that might be chosen to split the Republican party into factions. "This is no time for division," he went on; "it is time for union. I want to see the Republican party large and united, not small and divided." Then, like the defeated candidate for the Gubernatorial nomination in California, and Timothy L. Woodruff, he declared that he could see no evidence in his State of any insurgency whatever. Of course, with Lodge, what he cannot see does not exist.

President Schurman's address at the Silver Lake Assembly last week on representative government is taken, not unnaturally, as an attack upon direct nominations. What he actually opposed was direct legislation by the people—that is, the initiative and referendum—but he incidentally grouped the direct primary with it. His speech should really have been delivered in Oregon. It was not strictly applicable to anything that has been seriously proposed in New York. If an educated man is to discuss politics at all he ought to show that his education has given him the power to discriminate between things that differ, but that is precisely what President Schurman did not seem to do. There is no inherent antagonism between direct nominations and the system of government by representation; indeed, the latter may be made to work better by means of the former. In none of the bills for the direct primary urged at Albany is there a clause or syllable looking to the abandonment of representative government. Their entire aim was simply to make it more truly representative.

One characteristic of the progressive movements in most of the Western and Middle Western States is well illustrated in the heated primary contest in Wisconsin. It is the tendency of many Democrats to be more interested in progressive success in the Republican party than in their own. Natural sympathy is responsible for part of this drift. Where Republicans are in the majority, there also exists the desire to have a hand in the selection of the men who have the best chance of being elected. In Wisconsin, it has led to a classification described by Senator La Follette as "fair-minded Democrats," who for years have been in the habit of supporting him in both primaries and elections. Democratic leaders, hampered by this constant defection, are this year earnestly striving to keep their followers in line. One of their moves has been to name two opposing candidates for United States Senator in the hope that a warm party contest may prevent Democrats from supporting La Follette against Cook, his standpat opponent. They have shown their resentment in their bitter attacks on Judge "Ben" Lindsey of Colorado, who, in a tour of the State, has been urging Democrats to stand by La Follette. They are fearful, too, of the operation of the "20 per cent. law" which will prevent their having a party column on the ballot in November, if they do not in the primary poll 20 per cent. of the vote cast by them at the last Presidential election. Meanwhile there are no indications that Wisconsin is weakening in its allegiance to progressive principles, or its loyalty to La Follette. Bristow of Kansas has been speaking to audiences that for size and enthusiasm compare well with those in his home State. And Cummins, Clapp, and other progressives are coming to the support of the man who was once "the only insurgent in the Senate."

California insurgency won a sweeping victory in last week's primary. The nomination of Hiram Johnson, the insurgent Republican candidate for Governor, by a large plurality and of three insurgent Congressmen shows how deep was the feeling against the regular party organization. No seat has been won from an insurgent, and everywhere some seats have been taken from the standpatters. National issues were involved in the contest, Johnson having openly avowed his sympathy with the Republicanism of Dolliver and Cummins and La Follette, but the main fight, after all, was against boss domination and corporation politics in California. "Smash the bosses!" was Johnson's constant appeal to the voters, varied by denunciations of the long-standing and pernicious activity of the Southern Pacific in State affairs. The result not only is a great triumph for independence in California, but is symptomatic of the way in which the fountains of the great deep are being broken up in the Republican party all over the country. Insurgency has now fully reached the status of successful revolution. It can no longer be sneered at; it must seriously be reckoned with. Even at Beverly this is now distinctly perceived. And the smashing of the California bosses by means of the direct primary helps to explain why the New York bosses dread it as the devil does holy water.

On the Republican side in the Nebraska primary, the result was practically a drawn battle between insurgents and regulars. The renomination of Senator Burkett is described as the victory of a standpatter, but he is not that in the true sense; while his opponent, Mr. Whedon, who called himself an insurgent, had a record which made that term misleading if not ridiculous. But the chief political significance of the primary in Nebraska lies in the complete defeat which the Democrats administered to Mr. Bryan. All the candidates whom he favored were beaten, and all the policies which he advocated were rejected. The whole is a terrible blow to Mr. Bryan's prestige in his own State. We do not say that he cannot recover from it, or that he will, as some hastily conclude, give up his political activity and go to live on his Texas ranch. It still remains true that, as he defiantly says, his "health is very good," and as long as people will listen to him he will supply the energy and the voice. Yet it cannot be doubted that this Nebraska defeat, coming on top of other proofs of his waning influence, must make him less of a power in his party. In Ohio, for example, his attack on Judson Harmon, of whom he has displayed obvious signs of jealousy, is not cutting any figure in the campaign. "Bryan is fading," said a Republican politician regretfully, thinking of all the benefits which the Republicans owe to the Democratic leader.

The official publication a week ago of the new football rules contains no changes which had not already been foreshadowed. Restated as they are, they prove anew the sincerity of the efforts made to reform the game. Primarily, the dangerous flying tackle is

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done away with; a player must hereafter have one foot on the ground when he tries to stop the runner carrying the ball. Another source of danger, the pushing and pulling of the runner by his team-mates after he has been stopped by an adversary, is strictly forbidden. By this it is hoped to avoid the piling up in a heap of twelve or fourteen or more men. It was in such a clash that Byrne, the West Point player, was killed. The new regulations as to the forward pass should also make for greater safety, while the shortening of the game by ten minutes and its division into four periods of fifteen minutes each should prevent the exhaustion of the players—at least, in any such degree as in the past. The intervals between the first and second periods and third and fourth periods are to be three minutes, while the fifteen-minute rest in the middle of the game remains. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. When the rules have been well tried out we shall know whether the improvement is sufficient to have really "saved" the game. The chief evils of intercollegiate football—its commercialization, its breaking up of college work, and its destruction of academic ideals—remain, of course, unaltered by the refinement of the play.

British free-traders are deriving great and just comfort from the recent anti-tariff demonstration by the farmers of western Canada. It is on broad imperial grounds that the British protectionists have based their main argument. To hold the empire together, it was necessary to give the colonies what they want, and the thing the colonies chiefly wanted was a British tax on food, with preference for the colonial product as against the foreigner's. And now comes the greatest of the British colonies, and, through the mouth of a very influential section of its people, announces that it will have nothing of the blessings of protectionism. To a delegation of Saskatchewan farmers, Sir Wilfrid Laurier spoke his mind the other day: "Protection is a great wrong and makes millions dishonest with one another." And elsewhere: "If I had my own way, I would have a free British tariff. Britain is my model, not only for history, not only for government, not only for public life, but for political economy." To us here it would be interesting to know to what extent this movement among the farmers of western Canada is part of the great upheaval that is now traversing our own West.

French Congo has never shared in the sinister reputation of King Leopold's Congo. Here, as elsewhere in Africa, a spirit of enlightenment and a humaneness possibly above the average have characterized French administrative policy. The latest step forward in the Congo is in the direction of ultimately doing away with the concessionary companies in possession of monopoly rights over large areas. The system has not proved a success. Out of forty companies organized, eight have gone out of existence and a majority of the others are in feeble financial condition. Eleven of these have lately amalgamated into one, under government authorization. In return, the duration of their franchise has been cut down from twenty years to ten, so that in another decade the French Congo will be virtually on a basis of equal commercial privileges for all. The government's action has met with general approval. The French press cites the example of Senegal, the Gold Coast, the Ivory Coast, Dahomey, and Nigeria, all of which are thriving under a non-monopolistic system.

A writer in the *Nineteenth Century* who has returned to England, after a careful study of German economic conditions, sets forth at length the "Revolt against Protection in Germany." In many of its aspects, this article reads as if it might have been written originally about our own situation, and adapted merely by the changing of names and places. Thus the outcry there is not only due to the discovery that the tariff is the mother of Trusts, which now number no less than 385, but also to the rise in the cost of living. It is a battle, declares the writer, Mr. Æneas O'Neill, not merely between the classes and the masses, and between the consumers and producers, but also between the industrials and agrarians. More than that, there is strife even in the protection camp between the small fry and the large producers. Not only is the whole electorate discussing the present unhappy situation in connection with Germany's grave financial difficulties, but the Reichstag has been heavily bombarded by those business men who are anxious to have duties lowered or abolished.

Those who believe in the "economic interpretation" of history—and of current events that are history in the making—will find water for their mill in the financial aspects of the struggle between the Vatican and the Spanish Government. According to the explanations of a "Spanish Liberal" printed in the London *Times*, it is the economic side of the case that is the strongest argument in behalf of the policy of Prime Minister Canalejas. It is not merely that the cost of the religious establishment is heavy, being nearly one-twentieth of the entire national budget, but that the exemption of the religious orders from taxation enables them not only to acquire valuable lands and houses, but to enter, with great advantages on their side, into competition with various industries. It is said to be a growing jealousy of such privileges, on the part of Spanish peasants and artisans, which makes them ready to support the Government in a way in which they would not on a purely religious question. But the Catholic bishops, too, are quite aware of the force of economic appeals, and in their joint protest to Premier Canalejas, which was, of course, published for the people to read, they declared that "the real public opinion of the country is asking . . . first of all the cheapening of the necessities of life, so that the condition of the workingman may be less precarious, bitter, and intolerable."

The Emperor Francis Joseph celebrated his eightieth birthday under auspices more cheerful than those that have favored the Hapsburg house for many a year. To-day there is little of anxiety for the preservation of the Austrian realm which, twenty years ago, or even ten years ago, it was customary to regard as dependent upon the life of Francis Joseph alone. Nor is there much more alarm over the danger of dismemberment at the hands of the Hohenzollern. The Austrian Pan-Germanists have been in chastened mood in recent years. Their influence has not been what it used to be, since the time that Austrian subjects were given universal suffrage; by this gift Francis Joseph has probably done most to insure the future of his realm.

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FUMBLING WITH A MORAL ISSUE.

The "party of moral ideas" is in sore trouble; and of this the root lies in the fact that it is confronted by a moral issue and does not know what to do with it. All the uncertainties and divided counsels and angry recriminations and fears of party disaster which are to-day afflicting the Republican leaders and filling Republican voters with dismay, arise from the expulsive force of a moral idea now mightily stirring the hearts of the people. The issue was slow in shaping. Its beginnings might be mistaken for that rashness or ambition on the part of the authors of "new agitations," of which the philosophic Italian historian speaks. But all doubt about the solidity and permanence of the movement has long since passed away. We have now seen the new moral idea sweep State after State, breaking up the old party organization, retiring one chief after another whose position seemed impregnable, bringing new men to the front, and demonstrating its power in a thousand ways. Yet the party leaders continue to speak of it with amazement and pain or indignation. They call it hysteria or lunacy. The professed guardians and champions of moral ideas do not recognize the biggest moral idea in the politics of their day when they meet it.

In concrete form, this fresh moral impulse first showed itself in Congress nearly two years ago. In its earliest manifestations, it took the shape of a protest against the domination of the House of Representatives by a tyrannous and selfish and politically corrupt machine. It struck boldly at the Cannon-Tammany alliance. If that was not an immoral thing to be hit hard by every honest man, then there never was one. Later came the tariff framing and the tariff debates, in the course of which principles got utterance and positions were taken which clearly portended the coming revolution, and left no doubt that its energy was essentially a moral one. When ten Republican Senators openly broke with their party organization and their Administration and voted against a bill which had been made a party measure, solely on the ground that it contained provisions abhorrent to their moral sense, it was plain to the most unobservant that a new force had been let loose in our politics. And it was a force, too, which struck deeper than party or expediency and went down to fundamental questions of right and wrong. Nothing but the strongest kind of moral compulsion could have led the insurgent Republicans to come out and renounce the unclean thing. Politically, their course seemed hazardous in the extreme, but they were as willing as our ancestors to pledge their fortunes and their sacred honor to what they believed to be truth and duty.

In those days of the origin of the quickening movement, President Taft and his advisers might be excused for having remained puzzled and hesitant. They could not then tell whereto this thing would grow. Prudence would counsel caution and delay in taking sides. Even at the time, however, there was no justification for not having a fairer view of the motive of the dissident Republicans. To lump them all together and insinuate that they were actuated simply by personal hostility or ambition, was a huge political blunder. Whether that is acknowledged or not, the day has passed for continuing in the mistaken policy. The Western primaries have shown that a moral ferment is at work in the Republican party which has got to be reckoned with. The moral issue has now demonstrated that it is backed by votes. The abstract principle has become intensely practical. What is the President, the "titular leader of the party," as he describes himself, going to do about it? A moral issue antagonized is certain to be fatal to the man who opposes it. If the political history of our country proves anything, it proves that. But it may be almost as disastrous for a statesman to fumble with a moral issue.

The opportunity for the President is great, but he cannot wait too long before seizing it. Recent developments have shown that he regards the insurgent movement to-day with far greater seriousness than last winter, and that he perceives its significance more correctly. But so far little has been done except in the way of "placating" the Western Republicans; removing obstacles to their return to party allegiance; getting rid of those who have been stones of stumbling and rocks of offence. This is well enough, so far as it goes; any other course would be political folly. But mere palliatives and half-way measures will not do. The whole spirit and purpose of the new moral agitation must be both understood and heartily entered into. Men have been saying, despondingly, as Benjamin Jowett did fifty years ago, that they feared they should not live to see another "great national enthusiasm." But this fresh breath of life, coming into the air of politics long gone sordid, promises just that thing. Republican leaders, however, must wake to it. They must not go on speaking of this new moral determination as a "Kansas craze." The really insane people will be themselves if they do not read aright the signs of the times.

Never was there a more unmistakable call for true leadership. Lecky said of Chatham that, with all his faults, he at least succeeded in idealizing the national politics. That is the high work awaiting the man who can now put himself at the head of this new inrush of moral questions in our commercialized politics. As yet the movement is unorganized. It stands for a great aspiration rather than a definite programme. But it awaits a virile leader who has the imagination to perceive its vast possibilities for good and the courage and zeal to give it free course in our national life, so that moral ideals may again stir the enthusiasm and call out the devotion of citizens who have only disgust for politics without principles and politicians without a soul.

OUR NAVAL WASTE.

The recent sale of the gunboat Hornet for the ridiculous sum of $5,100 is a clear illustration of the wasteful methods of the government. Just twelve years ago, the Hornet, then the yacht Josephine, belonging to Mr. P. A. B. Widener of Philadelphia, was purchased for $117,500. After some active service in Cuba during the war, she was for several years used for cruising duty and was then transferred to a naval militia organization. Only twelve years of service sufficed to decrease her value from $117,500 to $7,000 in the opinion of the Navy Department, which finally accepted $5,100. That the Hornet is, however, still serviceable appears from her recent voyage to New Orleans and thence to Nicaragua with a cargo of arms for one of the battling parties in that republic. Evidently, her present

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owners obtained a great bargain. They ought to be able more than to recover their outlay by breaking the Hornet up. She is 160 feet long and displaces 425 tons.

Now, when the Hornet was purchased by the Government, she was in the first-class order in which our wealthy men invariably keep their yachts. Her speed may not have been quite as high as represented, but her condition must otherwise have been of the best. Yet twelve years later she is a ruined boat. Nor is this in any way an exceptional case. It is related of the Mayflower, the President's yacht, that as soon as she was taken over white paint was applied to all her costly bird's-eye maple fittings, which was later on in some places removed at heavy cost. For some time past, it has been rumored in naval circles that the Mayflower, too, would soon have to disappear from the navy list, because of her rapid deterioration and the need for such costly repairs as would exceed the limit of 20 per cent. of her value beyond which Congress has forbidden the Department to go in the repairing of any ship. Several other boats of this type have already been disposed of.

Lest it be argued that these were old vessels when bought, it is worth while to examine the longevity of ships expressly built for the Government. Here the most striking fact is that, in 1909, two torpedo boats, the Nicholson and O'Brien, were discarded as worthless, after only seven years of service in time of peace. The Winslow, new in 1897, which fought at Cardenas the next year, is under survey now and will, it is expected, be relegated to the scrap-heap. The cruiser Philadelphia, built in 1890, is on the navy list only because she is used as a receiving-ship, and the same is true of the battleship Texas, completed in 1895, and at the Port Royal yard for two or three years. The Atlanta of the original "white squadron" of 1887 is to be used as a barracks at the Charlestown navy yard, although enormous sums have been spent upon her at various times for reconstruction and repair. The Columbia and Minneapolis, built in 1893, and equipped with triple-screws, will either be sold or made over into transports. The unfortunate steel gunboat Bennington is certain to be condemned this year.

Beyond doubt the Navy Department views with equanimity the disappearance of these costly vessels, because of the progress made by naval science since they were launched. For this reason, a number of battleships like the Indiana, Alabama, Kearsarge, Kentucky, Missouri, Wisconsin, Ohio, and Oregon are now in reserve, several of them without any likelihood of ever seeing active service again. The Dreadnought has made them antiquated and obsolete, although the Wisconsin was completed only in 1901 and the Missouri in 1903. But with all allowance for the necessity of keeping pace with naval progress, no one conversant with the facts will believe for an instant that the government begins to get out of its ships what a private owner would. This is in part due to careless handling, in part to bad repair work at the navy yards. It was to improve the latter, as well as to save money, that the Newberry navy-yard reforms were instituted in 1908, with an improvement in speed and intelligence of effort as a result. But on the Pacific Coast, complaints of inefficient work in the engineering department of the Mare Island yard have led to bitter recriminations and the court-martial of one officer. The shocking number of serious engine-room accidents in the Pacific fleet within a year would have ruined any commercial line operating a similar number of steamers.

The merchant steamer is not, of course, an exact parallel. Yet the spectacle of the Etruria and Umbria crossing and recrossing the Atlantic for over twenty-five years with unfailing regularity, and only one month's overhaul annually, is a sample of efficient operation not to be matched by any naval vessel of which we know. Not only do most of our warships deteriorate as to speed, but the enormous sums spent on them for repairs are out of all proportion to the cost of ships like the Etruria and Umbria, which were finally laid off only because their engines, designed nearly thirty years ago, consumed too much coal from the modern engineering point of view. With Uncle Sam, "everything goes." It is a matter of course that, besides the annual overhaul, there shall be a "renovation" after a three years' leisurely cruise and a "reconstruction" in due course, just as the Department now plans to spend half a million in bringing Schley's flagship of 1898, the Brooklyn, up to date—she is thirteen years old. Finally, those who would reckon accurately the cost of our huge naval establishment must not fail to count in the annual appropriation (about $140,000,000 this year) the tremendous depreciation in the amounts already invested in war-vessels.

THE END OF KOREA.

The formal annexation of the Korean Empire by Japan is announced from Tokio as being imminent. Towards this historic act the policy of Japan has been inflexibly advancing from the moment it first became apparent that victory was with her in the war with Russia. A succession of conventions and treaties, both with Korea and with the European Powers, has marked the transformation within six years of Japanese influence in Korea into virtual Japanese sovereignty; and only one more public act will probably be necessary to make this sovereignty in fact a sovereignty in name as well. Throughout the entire process the Korean government has of course been a pawn in the game. Korea's "treaties" with Japan have been dictated from Tokio, and have been shaped by events taking place outside of Korea. The first of the latter-day agreements between Japan and Korea was signed on February 23, 1904, two weeks after the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war. In this agreement the Korean government proclaimed its "full confidence" in the government of Japan, whose advice it promised to adopt in the improvement of administrative methods. Japan in turn promised to insure the safety and repose of the Imperial Household of Korea and definitely guaranteed the independence and territorial integrity of the Korean Empire.

Diplomacy henceforth kept pace with the fortunes of war. Japan's grip on Korea was tightened in August, 1904, when the Korean government undertook to place its financial and foreign relations in the hands of advisers recommended by the government of Japan. Then came the decisive battles of the war and the general recognition that Japan's position in Korea was henceforth predominant. The treaty of Portsmouth by anticipation, though in negative fashion, sanctioned what is only now taking place, when Russia acknowledged Japan paramount in Korean

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affairs, political, military, and economic. The Russian government engaged itself "neither to obstruct nor to interfere with the measures of guidance, protection, and control which the government of Japan may find it necessary to take in Korea." Less than a month before the signing of the Treaty of Portsmouth, in renewing her alliance with Japan, Great Britain gave practically the same recognition to Japanese claims in Korea. By treaty of November 17, 1905, between Japan and Korea, the latter surrendered the conduct of her foreign relations and agreed to receive a Japanese Resident-General at Seul. Marquis Ito took up his post in the Korean capital in March, 1906, but for all his conciliatory methods could win neither the confidence of the people nor of the court. The intrigues of the latter led to the forced abdication of the Korean Emperor in July, 1907, followed within a few days by a treaty which practically placed Korea under the suzerainty of Japan, to whom the higher administration of the country was assigned. But Korean insurgency continued, and in the summer of 1909 the Japanese government assumed charge of the police and prison administration. On October 26, Marquis Ito was assassinated by a Korean patriot. From that day the speedy termination of what Japan has regarded as an impossible situation, and the outside world has regarded as a disingenuous situation, became a certainty.

There is nothing in Japan's treaty obligations towards any other power that stands in the way of Korean annexation. On the contrary, it has been seen that Russia and Great Britain both gave their consent five years ago, and that the other governments, our own among them, have subscribed to the *status quo* in the Far East, at a time when the *status quo* meant Korea for Japan. The last step in preparation was probably the recent convention between Japan and Russia, which was generally regarded as foreshadowing the annexation of Korea, and with apparent good reason. It is Japan's own pledge to Korea that may be cited against her; the pledge she gave at the outbreak of the war with Russia, to preserve the independence and territorial integrity of the Korean Empire. But it would be overlooking the facts of human nature and of history to imagine that a promise extended at the beginning of a conflict as doubtful of issue as the Russo-Japanese war seemed at first, would be rigidly kept after a triumph so signal and far-reaching as Japan's. It may be that a Western Power in Japan's place would have played the protectorate game more deliberately. Japanese methods in Korea have been severe frequently to the point of cruelty. But allowance must be made for the after-effect of victory and perhaps to a greater extent still for the consciousness of how heavily the victory had been purchased after all, and how necessary it was to strengthen the Japanese position in Korea against the time when Japanese good fortune and Russian incapacity might not fall together.

On the whole, it is best for Korea, for Japan, and for the peace of the world, that what had to happen should happen at the earliest moment. It would be idle to deny that the Koreans under their own Emperor's rule were not a well-governed or happy people. If the Japanese rule has been harsh, it has been largely because Japan has ruled in Korea as a conqueror and by military methods. Annexation may give the Korean the privileges and immunities of Japanese citizenship without burdening him more heavily than he is burdened at present. The peaceful assimilation of a people whose numbers are estimated at anywhere from eight to seventeen millions is a task that is sure to keep Japanese statesmanship busy for many years to come. To that extent it will save us from the world-wide schemes of Japanese aggrandizement which the strained jingo eye discerns in the most insignificant daily event of Tokio politics.

MAGAZINE PRINTING.

Among the many minor arts of the present upon which increasing attention is bestowed is the art of magazine "make-up." The function of the modern "make-up" man differs from that of the older "art editor" in that while the latter was primarily and almost exclusively concerned with the selection of pictures and their reproduction, the former gives a new importance to the work of adjusting the picture to the letter-press, and of establishing a characteristic typographical style—matters that were once regarded as more or less mechanical and left largely to the discretion of the printing office.

This development is to be noted chiefly in the less expensive magazines which, unable or unwilling to provide elaborate and costly color features, are forced to seek freshness and attractiveness of presentation in other and more economical ways. The colored insert does a certain violence to the taste of all who feel that a magazine, like a book, implies a certain principle of unity in its structure. This unity the new movement recognizes, after a fashion, and seeks to turn to proper advantage. To blend pictures with text, to introduce into the latter such decorative elements as may be appropriate, and to break down the hard and fast "office style" so as to draw from the resources of typography itself effects pleasing to the eye—this surely is a worthier effort than the mere multiplication of color sections.

But while the intention is excellent, the working out of the plan is not always satisfactory. With few exceptions, too little advantage has so far been taken of the remarkable opportunity to make the modern magazine a worthy companion to the modern book at its best. The problem presented would be a fascinating one to an artist with a firm grasp on the principles and best traditions of the printing art. For the magazine, with its large double-columned page, is the sole representative today of the earliest printed books. Thus the cultivated art editor has open to him a whole field which is ordinarily closed to the maker of books. The trouble usually is that this grasp upon the principles and traditions of typography is precisely what is lacking. The editor is out of sympathy with his medium. Though this is one of the most rigid and least compromising—for types can be set in only one way—he persists in treating it as if it were one of the most plastic. And when he discovers this lack of plasticity, instead of making a merit of it, as a sensitive artist will always find a way of doing, he seeks to escape from it by unhappy expedients. A striking example of this is the prevalent use of hand-lettering in the headings of articles and stories. Types, even in all the multiplicity of execrable job fonts, do not present a sufficient variety for the taste of the art editor, who, therefore, calls to his as-

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sistance the florid fancy of the decorative designer.

Whatever the intrinsic merit of much of this lettering, its use within the magazine violates what is almost the first principle of good "make-up"—which is that type should always be used with type. Even the decoration employed should be as typographical as possible, excellent models being ready to hand in the type-set ornaments of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Much of the decorative material which is now commonly used, and upon which the mechanical methods of reproduction place no restraints of handling, is unsuited to its purpose. This material is usually without "style," and is deficient in that there is small attempt to follow the older designers who sought to echo in their line the harmonies involved in the design of the type itself. For the modern art editor decoration is decoration, and he selects his headpieces, frames, and initials with reference to his own personal taste, rather than to the demands of the particular problem which confronts him. Thus, by way of example, most type faces used in magazines to-day are light in color, with a certain amount of shading; nothing, however, is more common than to see such a page spotted and over-weighted with heavy woodcut ornaments whose popularity persists in spite of the fact that they reflect the spirit of quite another style of typography.

But we would not press our fault-finding. The vocation of art editor is still young, and will doubtless attract in time both editors and designers with a keener perception of the problems involved, and a surer æsthetic taste in the solution of practical difficulties. What, above everything else, is needed to-day is a fuller and more scholarly knowledge of the past. The illustrator should know more of the Dutch painters, and eighteenth century Frenchmen like Chardin, who, although they did not work for reproduction or from a literary text, were none the less illustrators of the life about them, appealing to the same popular taste that is exploited by the modern magazine. And in the same way the decorative designer needs to know more of the historic styles of design and their evolution in correspondence with the changes of typographic style. Even the illustrated book is no new thing, and though it seems useless at present to protest against the triumphant half-tone and wash-drawing, artist and editor alike will find in the French and Italian books of the Renaissance suggestions for the designing of illustrations and the assimilation of these with the text that will go far towards making the magazine of the future a thing of accomplished dignity and beauty, instead of an incomplete realization of a valiant but indistinct intention.

THOMAS CAMPION.

I.

It argues something immortal in Campion that he has survived his revival. We have not now to record the beginning, but the establishment, of his second reputation, which bids fair to prove more durable than the first. In his own time he delignted tuneful lords and ladies with songs for the lute and viol, and they called him "sweet Master Campion," and compared his Latin poetry with that of the Italian neoterics, the then renowned Mantuan and honey-tongued Politian, and among English poets they put him in the constellation with Shakespeare and the chief lights of the day. But when he died in 1620, he passed swiftly into oblivion. His blithe airs were drowned in the ground-swell of Puritan hymns and the roar of Puritan musketry. His art was part of the evanescent grace of a great age in decline—a grace long neglected in the annals of sunken Armadas, beheaded earls, and deposed kings, and irrecoverable by the documentary historian. He was not recalled at the dawn of the last century with Marlowe, Middleton, and Webster—the "giant race before the flood." In spite of Arber's reprints, until A. H. Bullen collected and privately published his works in 1889 he was known vaguely, if known at all, as a misguided opponent of rhyme and an occasional contributor to poetical miscellanies—so, for example, he appears in Ward's "English Poets." Mr. Bullen, who is deeply in love with the lyrical life of those times, recognized in him not an historical curiosity, but a living poet; as such, accordingly, he sent him forth, unencumbered with notes, freed of misleading orthographical quaintness, to make his fortune by his merits, or not at all. As of old, he straightway won the approval of men of taste; he has sung his way into all recent anthologies; and several admirers have published selections from his lyrics.

The edition of Mr. Vivian* now issued represents the serious consideration which Campion has secured, and contemplates a prepared public. The fullest since Bullen's, it is addressed primarily to scholars, and, with the reverence for Elizabethan type-setters characteristic of our times, it reproduces the old spelling. Its special feature, however, is the biographical introduction. By heroic ferreting in parish registers and legal archives the editor has been able to supply the poet with a well-documented father, a more tenuous grandfather, a respectably lengthy maternal ancestry, and, what is more to the point, to supplement at several points the fragmentary outlines of his career. In the zest of discovery, Mr. Vivian displays rather more joy in the law-suits of John, the father, than in the songs of the son, Thomas; but on the whole he has enabled us to add measurably to the weight and humanity of what was before an almost disembodied voice. Unless all signs fail, Campion is not in danger of becoming a shadow again—to quote the haunting last lines of his "Umbra"—

per omne
Tempus perpetuo damnatus luminis exul.

II.

Independent of time as pure lyric poetry may seem to be, the work of Campion gains immensely when it is viewed in connection with his age. Conversely, we cannot wholly revive that age without some consideration of such poets as Campion. That he was a minor and late-remembered singer—a lyrist and not a dramatist—now constitutes not the least of his claims upon our attention; for he compels us to revise our generalizations about the world in which he lived, and to call into our consciousness some of its less familiar aspects. In the popular mind, the "old dramatists" have created the Elizabethan era just as the novels of Scott have created the Middle Ages. Indeed, they have been almost universally received as the legitimate representatives of its spirit. But as with the lapse of time and the accumulation of obscure material we draw nearer to the Elizabethan society, we begin to suspect that the heaven-storming shoemaker's son who trained the cannon of Tamburlaine against the gods, the jail-weary debtor who filled the pouch of Fortunatus with inexhaustible gold, the well-beloved poacher who steered the purple barge of Cleopatra and slew the world's conqueror with a kiss—we begin to suspect that these men and their fellows have somehow tyrannized over the imagination of posterity. By dreaming in great verse of what life denied them, they have got it written down that their sixteenth century was an epoch of wild magnificence, splendid, half-barbarous, incomparably spontaneous, the field of exuberant and leonine passions. They imposed this impression upon a critic so near them as

*"Campion's Works." Edited by Percival Vivian. Oxford and New York: The Clarendon Press. In quoting the English poems I have used Mr. Vivian's edition of 1907 in Dutton's Muses' Library, which modernizes the spelling.

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Dryden; they imposed it, naturally enough, upon Voltaire and Taine; and the multitude of "native wood notes wild" which our literary historians discover in that period indicates that they are still imposing it upon us.

The only objection to this simple, popular, and striking view of the Elizabethan age is that it is false. It has all the plausible falseness of a half-truth. It neglects the equally defensible view that the Elizabethan age, particularly during the great dramatic period of the last fifteen years of the reign, was a time of weariness and exhaustion, of far-sought refinements in literature and life, of self-consciousness and skepticism and ennui. If we would see Campion in relation to the literary movement of his day, we should dissociate him from the new popular drama, and think of him as one of the last representatives of the old aristocratic lyrical tradition of Wyatt and Surrey, who, in turn, continue the tradition of Petrarch. We should remember that the poetry written by this line of courtly "makers" was the fruit of a cultivated and artistic social life, that it was not intended for publication, but for private circulation, and that it was regarded as a social accomplishment. In those days the inexorable discipline of the graces was not reserved for women. From Sir Thomas Hoby's "Courtyer," 1561, to Peacham's "Compleat Gentleman," 1634, every youth of breeding was instructed not merely in athletic and soldierly feats and in the solider parts of learning, but also in the "feate of drawing and peincting," "to daunce well," "to singe well upon the booke," "to play upon the Lute, and singe to it with the ditty," "to play upon the Vyole, and all other instruments with freates." Before we lightly speak of the artlessness of their songs we should recall that they were drilled in art from the cradle. We should remember also that they travelled much abroad, and studied in the universities of Bologna and Padua and Paris, and brought home new books, new culture, new fashions, and new vices. So that Roger Ascham, as early as 1570, had to turn aside in his treatise on "The Brynging up of Youth" and castigate the younger generation of Italianate Englishmen: "They mocke the Pope: They raile on Luther: They allow neyther side. . . . The marke they shote at, the ende they looke for, the heaven they desire, is onelie, their owne present pleasure—whereby they plainlie declare, of whose schole, of what Religion they be: that is, Epicures in living, and ἄθεοι in doctrine." And Thomas Nash, at about the time when all Shakespeare's biographers declare that England was feeling the glow of national enthusiasm, cries out that England needs a Peter Aretine to expose her hypocrisy and reveal her deep-seated corruption. On his heels a pack of little English Juvenals begins to snarl out the prelude to formal satire, till one almost feels himself in decadent Rome, and forgets the spacious days of great Elizabeth.

Into this marvellously sophisticated world Thomas Campion was born in London on February 12, 1567, son to Lucy and John Campion, Cursitor of the Chancery Court, member of the Middle Temple, good churchman, and gentleman. After a sound classical training at Peterhouse, Cambridge, he was entered, in April, 1586, at Gray's Inn. For the social activities of his legal fraternity his tastes and talents were eminently qualified; but for the serious study of his profession he had no inclination whatever. In 1591, Mr. Vivian has pretty clearly demonstrated, he joined a small military expedition sent by Elizabeth to the aid of Henry IV. Returning to England in the latter part of the year, he apparently took up his former connections with the Inn, and dallied with his destiny for at least four years longer, rounding off this period with the publication of his first volume of verse, the rare "Poemata" of 1595.

Then, perhaps sobered by diminishing revenues, he bade farewell to folly, turned his back on detested pettifogging, and studied medicine, presumably at one of the continental universities. At some time between 1602 and 1606 he received his medical degree and began to be, as the French say, *un homme rangé*, with manifest pride affixing to his signature, "Doctor in Physicke." He had now put poetry—upon which it was not respectable to live—where it belonged, among the recreations of a gentleman. In 1601 he had allowed his musical friend, Philip Rosseter, to publish a handful of his English songs—words and airs—prefaced, however, by the statement that the author "neglects these light prints as superfluous blossomes of his deeper studies." About 1613 he himself put forth a second collection entitled "Two Bookes of Ayres." His masque for the wedding of the Earl of Somerset and Lady Frances Howard brought him into superficial connection with their devilish and Judas-like murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. As physician he attended Sir Thomas Monson, who was imprisoned in the Tower for alleged complicity in the murder, and, upon the release of that knight, dedicated to him and his son "The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres." It remains only to mention his technical treatise on music, "A New Way of Making Foure Parts in Counter-point"—which, we are told, long served as a text-book—and the revision of his Latin poems in 1619. On March 1, 1620, this faithful servant of Apollo in the three arts of music, poetry, and medicine died at the age of fifty-three, and, having neither wife nor child, left all his estate, valued at £22, to Philip Rosseter.

III.

The relation of Campion's surroundings, his considerable culture, and his variegated experience to his poetical development are much obscured by the fact that no one but his editors reads his Latin work. This neglect is to be deplored—I suppose its causes will not bear investigation—because it diminishes a slender poet by a third of his substance, and that not the least valuable. *Qui novit iuvenem, noscet itemque senem*, wrote Campion, anticipating the modern critical method; and in his "Poemata" of 1595, the most personal of all his publications, he left us the record of his first contact with the world, the adventure of a stripling from the university with fashionable, wicked, witty London.

The Campion of the Inns of Court period—*dum regnat Cytherœa*—is one of the æsthetic young men who in every age emancipate themselves by culture from the morals, religion, and patriotism of their conservative countrymen. He never strikes the ringing English note of old Wyatt's song of retreat from the iniquities of the courtier's life:

But I am here in Kent and Christendom,
Among the Muses, where I read and rhyme.

He looks out upon London with the slightly cynical Roman realism of an amorous young Epicurean of the latter days of Augustus. He has simplified phenomena by dividing them into things pleasant and things unpleasant. To the latter belong lawyers, medical quacks, braggarts, ugly women, and all manner of bores; these he transfixes on the points of his epigrams. To the former belong good music and poetry, faithful friends, and fair women; these he praises as the solace of a life that comes like water and goes like wind. In pursuit of his loves, he shows a taint of Propertian morbidity; he likes a mistress snatched from many rivals—he envies Paris the jealousy he excited:

O felix cui per tantos nupsisse tumultus
Contigit, et dignum bello habuisse torum.

His attitude toward the supernatural is suggested by four lines, of which this is the gist: "You saw a demon, Berinus; of what sort? It looked like a black dog, you say. Ah, I should say you saw a dog that looked like a demon, Berinus." This, at a time when the devil-dogs of the dramatists were raising goose-flesh among the groundlings, gives us the hint of a rationalizing turn in his nature which his medical preoccupation was calculated to strengthen. The author of the "Poemata" has never, with Faustus, seen Christ's blood stream in the firmament. Much more real to him than the New Jerusalem is that dim, pagan paradise where the shades of all that was fair and valorous in the antique world listen through eternity to the great songs of Homer. As the Virgilian music of his "Umbra" declares,

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he is haunted by the memory of lovely ladies, Antiopa, Helena, Hermione, Argia, and Hippodamia, dwelling in the land washed by the waters of Acheron; and he can think of no higher honor for the English beauties, Surrey's Geraldine and Sidney's Penelope, Alice Spencer, Frances Howard, and Queen Catharine, than to send them to wander with their classic sisters in the gardens of Persephone—

Ad tristes devolvitur umbras
Quicquid formosum est, et non inamabile natum.

What echoes these lines awake! Villon's "Ou sont-ilz, Vierge souveraine?" Young Aucassin's defiance: "En paradis qu'ai jë a faire. . . Mais en infer, voil jou aler; car en infer vont il bel clerc, et li bel cavalier . . . et s'i vont les beles dames cortoises." Dante, faint with pity, crying, "Quanti dolci pensier, quanto disio menò costoro al doloroso passo?" Propertius, feverishly eager, pleading with Persephone to spare one fair form for the regions above—"sunt apud infernos tot milia formosarum." Catullus completing the chime with "Curse upon you, cursed shades of Orcus, *quæ omnia bella devoratis*."

IV.

In Campion's English poems, the personal note is generally less pungent. Though the twenty-one songs which are certainly his in Rosseter's collection of 1601, are mostly amorous, it seems as if the hot life-lust of the young Epicurean had given way somewhat to the purely artistic impulse. Their peculiar virtues—simplicity of diction, varied tunefulness, brevity, and complex suggestiveness—arise from the meeting in their author of musical skill with a Latin culture slightly etherealized by contact with English romance. In the liquid lines below, with their shifting movement and their dying fall, the melodist predominates, anticipating the "fleet singing" of Swinburne:

Follow your saint, follow with accents sweet!
Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet!
There, wrapped in cloud of sorrow, pity move,
And tell the ravisher of my soul I perish for her love:
But, if she scorns my never-ceasing pain,
Then burst with sighing in her sight and ne'er return again.

As composer of airs with which he clothed his words as the body is clothed in the spirit—never intending to send them naked down the wind—Campion gave "the chief place to the grave and well invented Motet, but not to every harsh and dull confused Fantasie, where in multitude of points the Harmonie is quite drowned." And because the voices of the Augustan poets were living voices to him, he shunned the analogous vices of contemporary verse—its facile and far-fetched Platonism, its Petrarchan excesses of amatory servility and conceit, its seedy Euphuism. In a quite literal sense his light lyrics blossomed from his deeper studies. Thus the first stanza of his song, beginning "My sweetest Lesbie, let us live and love," is an almost literal translation from Catullus; but instead of the immortal whirlwind of kisses in which the original expires, he substitutes two stanzas of his own, equal, if not superior in quality to the first. Still more characteristic is a song which sets out on the note of two Horatian odes (*Iustum et tenacem* and *Integer vitæ*) and ends with finding the earth a "sober inn and quiet pilgrimage"—a note that vaguely evokes the Crusades and the perfume of religious romanticism. His power of dissolving the ages in music and linking the present to remote antiquity lends to the best of his love songs a penumbral richness and shadowy depth seldom found in the work of the guild of minor lovers who, armed with a century of sonnets, dash in vain against the marble or the porphyry or the adamant of their ladies' hearts. It is, for example, the subtle mingling of faint Propertian music among the enchantments of chivalry which constitutes, as Pater taught us to say, *la fleur particulière* of this perfect lyric:

When thou must home to shades of underground,
And there arrived, a new admired guest,
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,
White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,
To hear the story of thy finished love
From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move;

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,
Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,
And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake:
When thou hast told these honors done to thee,
Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me.

The height of Campion's achievement in this kind is his justly admired "Hark, all you ladies that do sleep!" In this song, music and sweet poetry agree to subtilize the Panic animalism of the "Pervigilium Veneris," under the witching moonlight of Celtic fairyland. I quote but in part:

Hark, all you ladies that do sleep!
The fairy-queen Proserpina
Bids you awake and pity them that weep.

. . . . . .

But if you let your lovers moan,
The fairy-queen Proserpina
Will send abroad her fairies every one,
That shall pinch black and blue
Your white hands and fair arms
That did not kindly rue
Your paramours' harms.

. . . . . .

All you that will hold watch with love,
The fairy-queen Proserpina
Will make you fairer than Dione's dove;
Roses red, lilies white,
And the clear damask hue
Shall on your cheeks alight:
Love will adorn you.

In this mysterious May-night transformation of Proserpina into a sister of her who led the revels in the enchanted "wood near Athens," one feels the special quality of Campion. The verse has not the movement as of mad feet on the village green which one feels in that right English piece of George Peele's "Fair and fair, and twice so fair." It has a certain airy stateliness, as if the fairy queen afar-off remembered Sicily.

V.

Campion would not have been the typical Elizabethan that he was, if, resting in the careless Epicureanism of his spring, he had sung in the wide span of his fifty years nothing but canticles of love. In those days, youths came to their maturity early, and felt often in the prime of manhood the languors of satiety and that "stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief" which has preyed on the liver of many a modern romanticist. Long before Coleridge, Campion had discovered that vague dejection which we used to call the *mal du siècle*.

Nor did he escape that deeper melancholy which sought out the best spirits among his contemporaries—the man of action as well as the scholarly recluse—even as the plague sought out their bodies, sparing neither threadbare poet nor prince armored with "intertissued robe of gold and pearl." At no other period in English literature, it seems to me, have men betrayed such a bitter apprehension of the transitoriness of earthly pleasures, such a poignant sense of mortality. It is the reality of this melancholy which edges the sweetness of Shakespeare's sonnets with the sharpness of a sword—"Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws." This melancholy it is, superbly measured and restrained, which informs with high seriousness some of the noblest passages in Bacon:

For if a man's mind be deeply seasoned with the consideration of the mortality and corruptible nature of things, he will easily concur with Epictetus, who went forth one day, and saw a woman weeping for her pitcher of earth that was broken; and went forth the next day, and saw a woman weeping for her son that was dead; and thereupon said, "Heri vidi fragilem frangi, hodie vidi mortalem mori."

Though Campion fell short of three score years and ten, in half a century—to borrow the grave words of Sir Thomas Browne—"a man may have a deep gust of the world, know what it is, what it can afford, and what 'tis to have been a man." In that time, he had seen Sir Philip Sidney fall abruptly in his golden prime, and had brought roses and violets to his grave, and had wept for him, with every man in England. He

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had lived to see things which made the death of that bright favorite upon the field of battle seem happy and enviable. He had seen a maligner fate overtake the former darlings of Elizabeth—the sad eclipse of stars whose ascension he had watched—Southampton imprisoned, Devonshire disgraced, adventurous Raleigh and fiery-spirited Essex meditating on the fair sunlight in deep dungeons, and, under the shadow of the scaffold, preparing to bid farewell "to the wide world and all her fading sweets." And I should like to think that these lines—essentially just and manly, yet tinged with a certain bitterness—came to Campion as he looked for the last time upon the ruins of the great hard-hearted Queen.

Where are all thy beauties now, all hearts enchaining?
Whither are thy flatterers gone with all their feigning?
All fled! and thou alone still here remaining?

Thy rich state of twisted gold to bays is turnèd!
Cold, as thou art, are thy loves, that so much burnèd!
Who die in flatterers' arms are seldom mournèd.

Yet, in spite of envy, this be still proclaimèd.
That none worthier than thyself thy worth hath blamèd;
When their poor names are lost, thou shalt live famèd.

When thy story, long time hence, shall be perusèd.
Let the blemish of thy rule be thus excusèd.
None ever lived more just, none more abusèd.

Elizabethan melancholy has three gates: one leads to dreamland, one to church, and one to the noose. Spenser took the first, Campion the second, and Robert Burton, if the rumor be true, took the third. Campion's religion, like his licentiousness, was that of a gentleman. I can find little evidence that he ever felt within himself that fierce civil strife of the earthly and the celestial loves, in which, as his contemporary Southwell says, "peace with sense is war with God." He never repudiated his past with the savage loathing of the converted Puritan, nor underwent any such transformation as changed the garb of George Herbert from the courtier's mantle to the linen ephod. He looked upon youth as the appointed time for gathering rosebuds, and age as the appointed time for gathering rue—each in season. He wrote some fine religious lyrics; as he observes, "Grave age did justly challenge those of me." But he did not scruple to bind them up in his latest books with an equal number of very "light conceits of lovers," and to commend the whole to the reading of a young man. Doubtless he had experienced moods of genuine religious emotion; certainly, at any rate, he understood them imaginatively, and knew how to express them. In the undulous lassitude of the following stanza, I would almost swear, one can recognize the immediate spontaneous movement of the author's mind; here, I am tempted to say, the weary lover of women becomes the weary lover of God:

Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast,
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest.

And yet I hesitate, recalling certain exquisite lines in Jonson's "Sad Shepherd"—for example, "The world may find the spring by following her"—and considering the insurmountable difficulty of relating them, except through the mediation of the artist, to the stormy, loud-mouthed egotist with mountain belly and rocky face, who wrote them. Only so far as religious devotion meant disenchantment with sensual realities and a general sense of the duality of experience—only so far do I feel perfectly confident that Campion looked in his heart and wrote. When he cries out on the world as a "mass of mere confusion," "a false light with many shadows dimmed," a "witch," and a "charmed illusion," he is voicing the sincerest conviction of his age, held by saint and skeptic alike:

All our pride is but a jest;
None are worst, and none are best;
Grief and joy and hope and fear
Play their pageants everywhere:
Vain opinion all doth sway,
And the world is but a play.

This note he strikes with emphasis now and then; but it is not the burden of his song. It is the duty of the courtier, says the old book, "never to be sad, melancholie, or solemn before hys Prince." Campion was chiefly concerned with illuminating the pleasant fiction of life. His place was with the flute-players and the weavers of garlands who move with dancing feet before the embroidered arras, and I do not think he was sure what darkness or what strange dawn lay behind the curtain till the lyre fell from his hands—*deciderat manibus lyra*—in the year when the Mayflower touched at Plymouth Rock.

STUART P. SHERMAN.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The sixth volume of Charles Evans's "American Bibliography" has just been received by subscribers. This volume covers the period of 1779 to 1785 and records 3,272 books, pamphlets, broadsides, magazines, and newspapers printed within the limits of the present United States, generally with full transcripts of title and with short collations. Newspapers and magazines are treated as serials and entered once only under each year of their publication, the first and last dates for the year being given. The first entry only of such newspapers as continued for more than one year seems to be recorded in the index.

The present volume is of less interest to the book-collector than were the earlier volumes, and in the same way future volumes (Mr. Evans intends to bring his work down to 1820) will contain fewer and fewer books for collectors. It is very important, however, to have this chronological record of imprints, a large part of which is made up of State and government publications. The location of copies of many of the books in one or more public libraries is indicated and in many cases bibliographical notes are appended. Some of these notes show original research and examination of the books described, but others seem to have been copied or rewritten from Sabin's great "Bibliotheca Americana" or other similar sources, which are unfortunately not always trustworthy. For example, Ethan Allen's famous atheistical book "Reason the Only Oracle of Man" (Bennington, 1784) is described as "the rarest of Ethan Allen's publications, as the entire edition, except about thirty copies, was destroyed by fire." A story of this kind once in circulation is likely to be reprinted every time a copy of the book is offered for sale. While some copies of the book may have been destroyed by fire, the volume is no rarer than many books of the period and comes frequently into the market, not less than four copies having been sold at auction during the season of 1909. In a letter dated November 16, 1785, Ethan Allan writes to Benjamin Stiles: "As to my philosophy that you mention, forty of the books are bound, and will be sent to New York to-morrow, 1,500 are printed, and contain 487 [actually 478] pages." Several of Ethan Allen's Vermont pamphlets are, as a matter of fact, much rarer, not to mention the first edition of his "Captivity" (Philadelphia: Bell, 1779), a copy of which sold in the Holden sale last spring for $350. This sale record is perhaps too recent to have been included by Mr. Evans, who gives the "auction value" of the book as $62, the price paid for the Menzies copy thirty-four years ago. In our notices of the previous volumes we have pointed out the almost utter uselessness of the column headed "Auction Values," and there seems no improvement in this respect in the present volume; indeed, this column is, in the great majority of cases, blank.

The fifth and concluding volume of Dr. Thomas Lindsley Bradford's "Bibliographer's Manual of American History," which is in fact the index volume only, is before us, and is a disappointment. The titles of the preceding volumes have promised us "an Exhaustive Index by Titles, and an Index by States." What we get in this volume is a duplicate index, the first by towns or counties, the second by States, and under each State by towns and counties. This duplication was unnecessary, as the second index would have answered every purpose. No one looks for local history of any American town, unless he knows the State in which it is located. The indexes have been prepared solely from the titles of the books, and the compiler has made some curious entries. For example, under Michigan we find one book entered under "Fort Mackinac," four under "Mack-

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inac," and one under "Mackinaw." If any author had used the older name of "Michilimackinac" or any of the other fifteen variations in spelling of the name which are recorded, entries would have appeared accordingly.

Typographically, also, the book is open to serious criticism. Headings of towns are not carried over, the headline being simply "Index" on every page, and the name of the State occurs only at the beginning of the list relating to that State.

Part iii of Volume VII of Frank Karslake's "Book-Auction Records," covers the period April to June, 1910, and contains 5516 records of sale. The preliminary matter of this part contains an article on *Lincolnshire Libraries*, by A. R. Corns, with a frontispiece view of the "chained library" in Grantham Church.

Correspondence.

WORDSWORTH'S "MAIDEN CITY."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the last number of *Modern Language Notes*, Mr. W. E. Mead prints an article on Wordsworth's description of Venice:

> She was a maiden city, bright and free.

He goes to some pains to point out in Coryat's "Crudities" an occurrence of the same epithet (*anno* 1611). From Coryat's explanation, "I call it maiden because it was never conquered," he deduces that Coryat "is taking credit for a peculiarly happy phrase that he thought he had been the first—in English, at least—to apply to Venice. Of course, what is possible to one like Coryat, we cannot deny to one like Wordsworth," etc.

Mr. Mead apparently does not realize that he is dealing with, if anything, the most common of commonplace epithets of Venice. Wordsworth certainly never dreamed of being original in "this peculiarly happy phrase," in this "exquisite term." We are quite ready to admit that its inclusion in the poem "was a poetic feat not beyond the reach of Wordsworth's imagination"; and that "he was reproducing—*certainly not* unconsciously—a phrase suggested by an older writer." Hundreds of examples would be available without great effort. Earlier than Coryat's book, I may cite from Celio Magno (1600) an invocation to Venice:

> Tu vergine e reina invitta et alma.

From the still earlier Franco Veronica:

> Questa dominatrice alta del mare,
> Regal vergine pura inviolata.

Andrea Calmo predicts any number of impossible things, eternal darkness, a new flood, before

> . . . mai Venesia si vaga a mario.

And in another warm invocation to the *Donzella* of the salt waters sleeping on the bosom of her old nurse Adria, he prays to God to keep her forever

> Pura casta e santa
> Libera bella zentil e piatosa.

These illustrations were taken from Segarizzi's recent and beautiful publication, "La poesia di Venezia" (pp. 60, 56, 31, 64.). For the artistic and literary history of the phrase, Mr. Mead may consult Medin: "Storia della Repubblica di Venezia nella Poesia" (Milano, 1904, pp. 19-22).

Arthur Livingston.

New York, August 15.

A PLEA FOR BORES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Why has no one ever given the physiology of bores? Lamb wrote the natural history of poor relations, of swine, and so on, but failed to communicate one fruitful thought regarding that ubiquitous monster whose one-sided view of the world, whose ignorance of the proportion and perspective of things brands him at once as a bore. Perhaps Lamb refused to hear even the mention of the word, and stopped his ears at the very sound thereof. Yet if, as the philosophers assure us, divination of character is the very lamp of life, surely a man's definition of a bore should be his seal of confession, it should throw the surest light upon his soul, and therefore, I assert, bores have their uses.

I take it, Socrates (though there is no Greek word for bore) must have seemed an insufferable bore in the eyes of many whom he cross-questioned in the marketplace, who doubtless deemed his questions both impertinent and importunate. And when Sydney Smith met Daniel Webster dining at Lord Ashburton's his only comment was an indifferent: "Too slow for our market." This, however, may be partly explained to our American sense by a famous Englishman's remark that: "Americans don't understand what a bore is—a sign, by-the-way, that it belongs to civilization—and their speeches are endless and pedantic, their conversation pompous and extravagant." On the other hand, even if one feels a boundless hatred for the French, they are seldom bores, and can always "make play with a neighbor and make food out of nettles with a little salt and pepper." In Germany the word and even its equivalent is unknown; is that, I wonder, a sign the thing itself is very common?

It should seem that boredom belongs to a certain stage of culture and civilization; perhaps it is a product of luxury, like the gout. It is said people with few ideas do not find that time passes slowly (certainly cows look the embodiment of content), and talkative old women listen to other talkative old women, whom some of us would die of ennui at hearing. Then there is the young man who turns up his trousers, wears high collars, looks at himself seriously in the glass, sings coon songs like the museum barker, dances hideously to the banjo, and most of all, has lacked the sharp edge of parental discipline, but who, withal, is dangerously interesting to girls! —this has been proved in a court of law, however much we may laugh in our sleeves and give voice to amused amazement. Then there are those whose literary food is confined to George Barr McCutcheon and who find George Meredith "slow." To this particular type of bore, one is inclined to mention the three wise men who followed the star expecting to find a king, but—who recognized at once what they *did really* find.

So this subject of bores requires ventilation; it should have discussion and publicity, both for the enlightenment of those whose business it is to decide finally in regard to bores (parenthetically, are bores bored by other bores?—a nice point), and also for the satisfaction of those who want to know whether a neighbor is a clever enemy or only a stupid friend. Ask a man what and who bores him, and *voilà*—you should have the open sesame!

Mary Parkinson.

Albany, N. Y., August 18.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Is not the quality of the teaching of English history in this country in danger of suffering from too close an adherence to the English point of view?

Although the importance of this field is due to its excellence as a background for American history, its popularity as a study as compared with the history of other countries is in great measure due, I venture to believe, to the easy accessibility of its native historical literature. So far as language goes, virtually every London publication bearing upon English history is available the moment it appears. But this pedagogical material from oversea, for which we are so greatly indebted, is subject to various kinds of bias that should be taken into account by American teachers.

First, there is the Londoner's bias. The historical writers live chiefly in southeastern England, including Oxford, Cambridge, and London; and their point of view is unconsciously that of the Londoner by whom all other portions of the British Isles are grouped under the suggestive appellation of "the provinces." We need not ask to what degree he actively dislikes the Welsh, the Irish, the Scotch, or others; it is sufficient to note that he seldom or never visits their countries, and except when their interests conflict with his he is absolutely incurious as to their affairs. English historical writings reflect this characteristic; and, just as until recently there was complaint that American history was written too much from the point of view of Washington to the neglect of the essentials of American development, so is English history to-day written from London with corresponding results.

Closely allied to this geographical bias is a chronological one based on the natural assumption of the present-day Englishman that he, together with his institutions, is a survival of the fittest. Of course, the Englishman has a right to think so; but we of another nation should feel free to believe it possible that in England's past as in that of other countries, perhaps our own, right and might have not always coincided, that the best in the broadest sense has not always survived the strongest. Applying this test, we find that English historical writers, like all others when engaged in writing patriotic history, are prone to neglect the merits of the losing side while enhancing those of the one that survived.

The third bias I would mention is the general overestimate of political history. Freeman's dictum that "history is past politics," has been overworked. Combined with the Londoner's bias, this preference for political history produces a record of court and parliament which, whatever its merits, cannot properly claim to be an adequate record of a people's life-experience. There are other kinds of bias that might well be discussed in a more elaborate consideration of this topic, but these perhaps are the most important, and therefore the most worthy of the teacher's attention.

Henry L. Cannon.

Stanford University, August 5.

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THE 1622 FIRST FOLIO.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In his notes on the Shakespeare Folios, your "Bibliophile" has the following (*Nation*, August 4):

The First Folio with the date 1622 instead of 1623, described by Lowndes and other early writers, is now universally admitted to be merely a case of pen-and-ink alteration. It is in the Lenox Library.

Some sixteen years ago, when the late Dr. Rolfe was conducting a Shakespeare column in the *Critic*, I contributed a note showing that the apparent date of 1622 is in reality 1623, as may readily be seen by holding the title-page to the light and observing it from the back. The page has been skilfully repaired, and in such a way as to cut off just the lower part of the three, but the entire figure may be seen on holding the page to the light. This note appears to have been widely copied, as clippings from a Chicago and a Minneapolis paper were sent me. Further, so far as I know, my statement has never been challenged. The statement that the Church collection of Shakespeare Folios is the most nearly complete anywhere must naturally be a matter of opinion. The Lenox has four First Folios, differing from one another and all of great interest, and no less than seven Second Folios with varying title-pages, and an eighth title-page, detached, still different from all the others.

It is well to remember, also, that Mr. Lenox had a habit of experimenting with his Folio title-pages so that to-day we cannot be at all certain that they are inserted as he received them.

Chas. A. Herpich.

New York, August 20.

TOTSCHWEIGEN TOO DEAD STILL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In Lietzmann's Commentary on Romans ("Handbuch zum Neuen Testament"), advance sheets of which have been sent out by the publisher, J. C. B. Mohr, it would seem that the customary and perfectly just ignoring of the foreigner is pushed close to the limits of propriety and prudence. Adverting to the text-critical question presented by Rom. 1:7, the author refers to Harnack's article of three pages in *Preuschens Zeitschrift* (1902, pp. 83-6), and to Schmiedel's observation in the *Hibbert Journal* (1903, p. 532), making no mention whatever of the writer of this letter. On turning to Harnack and Schmiedel, if by any strange and unexpected chance Lietzmann's reader should at this point consult them, he will be surprised to find that both are merely generously recognizing and the former summarizing my article on the "Address and Destination of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans" (*Journal of Biblical Literature*, 1901, part i, pp. 1-21). Harnack, in fact, says (p. 84), "Gewöhnlich beruhigt man sich bei dem Receptus, allein Smith hat Recht, ihn als interpoliert zu erklären"; and again, after stating some of Smith's reasons: "'Εν 'Ρώμῃ ist also für eine sehr alet Interpolation zu halten." Had Lietzmann consulted the original memoir, he would hardly have fallen into the common error of saying: "'Εν 'Ρώμῃ fehlt in einigen Zeugen." It is only 'Ρώμῃ that is wanting, the ἐν is always present. Recognition of the exact state of the case is necessary to a correct understanding of the Epistle itself; *Totschweigen* is indeed clearly indicated for most of the ills that of late so sharply assail the Liberal Theology, but even such a specific may, it seems, be sometimes overworked.

W. B. Smith.

Tulane University, New Orleans, August 2.

Literature.

A PERSONAL STUDY OF CECIL RHODES.

The Rt. Hon. Cecil John Rhodes: A Monograph and a Reminiscence. By Sir Thomas E. Fuller, K.C.M.G., formerly member of the Cape Legislative Assembly. With portraits and other illustrations. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $1.60 net.

Those who remember the heated controversies that have raged round the character and career of Cecil Rhodes ever since the so-called Jameson Raid of 1895 will open with some apprehension any book dealing with his life. They will expect to find in it either the unqualified admiration of a friend or the harsh condemnation of an enemy. When, however, they have read through this book, they will be agreeably disappointed. It is fair and temperate. It does not attempt to conceal or to palliate either the defects that belonged to Rhodes as a man, or the grave errors he committed. But it presents his better qualities with discriminating appreciation, and it does justice to the best side of the ideas that animated him, showing that he was sincere and earnest in his devotion to those ideas.

The author is well entitled to describe Cecil Rhodes as he lived. Sir Thomas Fuller was a leading politician in Cape Colony, and already influential in the Cape Parliament, when Rhodes entered that assembly, in 1881. From that year onward, they were in constant and usually in close personal relations; nor did these cease when Sir T. Fuller became agent-general in England for the Cape, for Rhodes's position as head of the Chartered Company of South Africa brought him frequently to London. South African statesmen have been mostly not only party men, but strong partisans, and, of course, such events as the Raid and the Transvaal War that followed some years later evoked vehement partisanship. But our author writes calmly and reasonably about these events. His moderation, based on a minute knowledge of the difficulties of the situation, might be commended for imitation to some recent English writers of the so-called "Imperialist" school, who have perverted or travestied history in their efforts to glorify the leaders of their party. There is scarcely a word in this volume to give ground of offence to any one who either advocated or condemned the war of England against the Boer republics which began in 1899 and lasted till 1901, and which roused not only such bitter feelings in England, but so much controversy in other countries.

The book can hardly be described as a biography of Cecil Rhodes. It is rather a sketch of the more prominent phases of his public life, its aim being not to recount events, but to explain the part which Rhodes took in them, the motives that animated him, and the spirit in which he went about his work. If there is not very much that is absolutely new to those who have become familiar with the subject, there is a good deal which throws light upon some of the more obscure parts of the story and which serves to make Rhodes's own views and purposes, and the motives behind the purposes, more plain and unmistakable. Doubtless Sir Thomas knows more than he tells. He passes lightly over the relations which existed between Rhodes and the British governments that were successively in power, as well as over the more intimate personal relations in which he stood to his leading South African contemporaries. This is, perhaps, right, because the events are still too recent to let the whole of the facts be disclosed. But we cannot help wishing that one who possesses so much knowledge as Sir T. Fuller does of the underlying circumstances would write a record of what he knew about them which might be published ten, fifteen, or perhaps twenty years hence, when questions that touch persons can be more calmly considered. This is the more to be desired because Rhodes was remarkable for his aversion to letter writing, a trait of character which he shared with his friend C. S. Parnell. So few and so brief were his written communications that when the time arrives for a full and dispassionate biography to be written, the person who writes it will have to rely almost entirely upon the secondary evidence of people connected with Rhodes, rather than on any supplied by his own pen.

Cecil John Rhodes was the son of a clergyman of the English Established Church, living at Bishop's Stortford, a small country town, half-way between London and Cambridge. The delicacy of his lungs led to his going as a youth to South Africa, the dry, bracing air of which freed him from pulmonary troubles, though his constitution never became a strong one. Desiring a university education, he entered Oriel College, Oxford, as an undergraduate. But as his health then still required him to spend the winters of every year in South Africa, the period of residence necessary for the university course stretched out in his case to an unusual length, covering five or six instead of the usual three years. He became in-

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tensely attached to Oxford and to Oriel College, and ultimately bequeathed to the latter a large sum of money. While in South Africa, he was drawn by the discovery of diamonds on the northern edge of Cape Colony to the town of Kimberley, and having no regular profession, he threw himself into the acquisition and working of "claims" there. This became the foundation of his fortune, for he succeeded, after long efforts, in consolidating the interests of numerous persons and firms in the diamond diggings into one great incorporated company, of which he became the head, and which, since it was able to control the output of diamonds, was also able to keep up their price and to pay large and steady dividends. Here on the edge of civilization, for the hotter regions to the north were then occupied only by Kaffir tribes, he conceived the idea of pushing British authority forward into the back country, getting ahead of the Transvaal Boers, who were sending out raiding parties with a view to the acquisition of the ranching lands that stretched up to and across the Tropic. He entered the Cape Parliament, and soon became a prominent figure there, not so much by oratory, for he was never an eloquent speaker, as by the reputation he had won as a successful business man and by the impression of an ambitious and forceful personality which he made on every one with whom he had to deal. After a few years the position of Prime Minister came naturally to him, because he was felt to be the strongest man in the colony; and he held that post till the Transvaal troubles of December, 1895. Meantime he had succeeded almost beyond his hopes in getting hold of the whole vast region that lies to the north of the eastern part of Cape Colony and of the two Dutch Republics, the British government having granted a charter to the company which he had formed for the exploitation and control of that territory. Rhodes had by this time become a potent figure in England, where the company was supposed to have a brilliant future before it, and all sorts of people rushed in to take shares. Inasmuch as he enjoyed the support of the Dutch party in Cape Colony as well as of the bulk of the English there, his power seemed to be firmly based. No colonial statesman had perhaps ever before established such a position, or won such fame, not only in the British dominions, but in the world at large.

Then, in the end of 1895, came the abortive revolution in the Transvaal and the entrance into that country of Rhodes's friend, Dr. L. S. Jameson, with a military force of mounted police from the territories of the chartered company, in order to support the revolution which the English residents and some of the Americans were organizing. Rhodes had been a party to both branches of the movement, though he did not intend Jameson to make his invasion at the time or in the way in which that enterprise was carried out. With the Raid, his power fell in a moment. He resigned office, and the Cape Colony Dutch, startled and incensed, turned against him. Four years of tension and suspense followed, and in 1899 war broke out between the British Government and the Transvaal, the latter being backed up by its sister republic, the Orange Free State. Parts of the story of these eventful years have remained dark, notwithstanding all that has been spoken and written about them, and Sir T. Fuller does not attempt to turn on the searchlight. Two things, however, are brought out in his book which ought to be known to the credit of the man who had to bear at least as much of the blame as he deserved and perhaps more. Rhodes, he tells us, frankly acknowledged his own grave error in having a hand in the events of 1895. He did this in a public speech, repeating at Sir T. Fuller's instance a statement made privately two days before to a party of friends. The public speech does not seem to have been properly reported at the time. However, Sir T. Fuller heard the words, and gives them, and they are worth quoting as a candid acknowledgment which ought to stand to Rhodes's credit.

> I do not so much regret joining in an attempt to force President Kruger into a juster and more reasonable policy, when he had resolutely refused all redress of grievances; but what has been a burden to me is that I was Prime Minister at the time, and that I had given a promise that I would not do anything incompatible with the joint position I held as Premier of Cape Colony and director of the Chartered (*i. e.*, British South Africa) Company. On every ground I was bound to resign if I took such a course as assisting a revolution against an officially friendly state; and I did not. I can only say that I will do my best to make atonement for my error by untiring devotion to the best interests of South Africa (p. 209).

And Sir T. Fuller also says (p. 219):

> Mr. Rhodes had nothing whatever to do with the inception of the war of 1899 between the Transvaal and Great Britain. He took no part, directly or indirectly, in the correspondence which preceded the war, between Mr. Chamberlain and the Transvaal government. On his arrival at Cape Town, at a time when the position was very critical, he said emphatically, "I made a mistake with regard to the Transvaal once, and that is quite enough for me—a burnt child dreads the fire. I keep aloof from the whole Transvaal crisis, so that no one will be able to say, 'Rhodes is in it again'" (pp. 219, 220).

Soon after, when the war broke out in 1899, Rhodes went to Kimberley and shared the hardships of the siege with the people of his diamond fields, as he had before gone to Matabele Land when the Kaffirs had risen there, and had helped to bring the insurrection to a close. By this time his health was breaking, and he died in 1902, just after the end of the Transvaal war.

The points which Sir T. Fuller brings out as the most peculiar and most interesting—perhaps also the least generally understood—in the character of Rhodes are his idealism and his width of view. He devoted his life to one great aim, the civilization of South Africa and the uniting of its parts under one government. This, by the necessities of the case, was a British government; but what was first in his mind was civilization and union rather than the mere extension of British dominion. The largeness of the enterprise had fascinated his imagination before he could well have begun to fancy that he, as an individual, would have a chance of carrying it out. How far when he had the chance and was carrying out the project, he continued to be governed by the splendid vision, how far ambition and the desire of fame joined to spur him on in the enterprise, it would be hard to determine, nor does it much matter. In men of such energy and such imagination as he possessed, personal motives and disinterested motives are apt to be mixed and blent. Rhodes saw what was needed. He believed he was the man to do it. He enjoyed the doing of it. He loved the power he had acquired, he loved the fame that gathered to him and the idea that his fame would endure. He is almost the first instance of a great adventurer who attained his aims by money instead of, like Cortes and Pizarro and Champlain and Clive, by force of arms. But he had no desire for money except as a means to his ends. He cared neither for luxury nor for ostentation. He was generous in helping those who sought or needed help; how generous may be learned from Sir T. Fuller's pages; and he spent his own wealth freely upon public objects. He was not very scrupulous in his choice of means, and used methods for maintaining his authority in Cape Colony which scrupulous people condemned, though Sir T. Fuller gives no countenance to the charge that pecuniary corruption was among those methods. His connection with the Raid was not his only dereliction from the highest standard of public duty. But he was loyal to his friends and his causes, and incapable also of the smaller trickeries of politics. Some of the people who surrounded him and whom in his large, easy way he tolerated, brought on his reputation undeserved slurs, which the testimony of well-informed friends like Sir T. Fuller serves to clear away.

Weaknesses he had, personal weaknesses of temper and manner, which are not concealed in these pages. But he had also not only a vigorous intellect, but a large and fine imagination sus-

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ceptible to high impulses. He loved nature, he loved knowledge, and was never happier than when reading history or the lives of great men. He was entirely free from snobbishness or the pettier forms of vanity. He was captivated by the idea of the coöperation of the three great peoples of Teutonic origin in the work of civilizing and pacifying the world, and when he devoted a very large sum to the foundation of those scholarships at Oxford University which bear his name, he allotted some to Germany and many to the United States, as well as some to each of the British self-governing colonies. The fact that German sentiment had favored his persistent opponent, President Kruger, in the Transvaal made no difference to his feeling that Germany and England ought to stand together, along with the United States, for the same ideals. Few people, even of those who had contracted a certain prejudice against him from his public acts, came into personal contact with him without finding themselves attracted to a personality so robust and so self-confident, impressive by its dash, its courage, its singular mixture of practical talent with the gift of a larger vision.

CURRENT FICTION.

Celt and Saxon. By George Meredith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"A young Irish gentleman of the numerous clan O'Donnells, and a Patrick, hardly a distinction of him till we know him, had bound himself, by purchase of a railway ticket, to travel direct to the borders of North Wales, on a visit to a notable landowner of those marches, the Squire Adister, whose family-seat was where the hills begin to lift and spy into the heart of black mountains."

So, as with a series of quiet wavelets, each mounting a little nearer the predestined level, until, with the final phrase, it is fairly attained—so characteristically begins the story Meredith did not live to finish. Characteristic the book is throughout in substance and flavor; but on the basis of what we have of it, there is little cause for supposing that it would have ranked among Meredithian masterpieces if it had been completed. It lacks the spontaneity, the buoyancy, the natural effervescence of the earlier work; there is, here and there, a hint of senile sprightliness difficult for the most willing piety to ignore. One is not sure the fragment should have been printed, with all the obvious imperfections which belong to it as an unrevised and unfinished work; perhaps the truest piety would have put it quietly out of the way. And yet, one's first disappointment weathered, too much of the greater Meredith is discoverable to have been foregone. The human figures in the book are, on the whole, of inferior proportions. Young Patrick O'Donnell hardly emerges from his type, his brother Philip is a romantic sketch, and the fair Adiante, as far as we are here taken, a somewhat elusive rumor. Captain Con, his wife, and his brother-in-law, the Squire Adister, are perilously close to the grotesque. Rich and plebeian Jane Mattock is the one person to warm the heart. But Patrick and Philip and the journalist Rockney are taking shape before, far too soon, they are left wandering in the limbo of half-created things.

Incident and characterization are matters the true Meredithian can very well get on without. If you doubt or tire of the novelist, the essayist remains, unapproachable in our time. "Celt and Saxon" is rich in commentary. The long chapter on "The Great Mr. Bull" is a veritable *tour de force*. "Fancy yourself," is the modest suggestion, "delayed by stress of weather at an inn or an excursion, and snapped up by some gossip drone of the district, who, hearing whither you are bound, recounts the history and nature of the place, to your ultimate advantage, though you groan for the outer downpour to abate. Of Bull, then: our image, before the world, our lord and tyrant, ourself, in short—the lower part of us." Follows a full and unsparing analysis of John Bull's character. He is "a positive shape, a practical corporation." He has no ideals of his country—scorns them:

"Ridiculous Germans, capricious Frenchmen! We want nothing new in musical composition and abstract speculation of an indecent mythology, or political schemes and contrivances and schemes of Government, and we do not want war. Peace is the Goddess we court for the hand of her daughter Plenty, and we have won that jolly girl, and you are welcome to the marriage-feast; but avaunt new-fangled theories and howlings: old tunes, tried systems, for us, my worthy friends."

In this fact our "gossip drone" finds much to account for the barrier between Celt and Saxon: "You may be so self-satisfied as to dispense with an ideal: your yokefellow is not; it is his peculiar form of strength to require one for his proper blooming, and he does bloom beautifully in the rays he courts." And it seems to him that the solution of the problem, the removal of the barrier, must be achieved upon an ideal, rather than a practical plane: "An ideal of country, of Great Britain, is conceivable that will be to the taste of Celt and Saxon in common, to wave as a standard over their fraternal marching." How far the tale, if it had been finished, would have gone toward enforcing this theory, is matter for surmise. The fragment must suffice as a fragment: Heaven defend it from the fate of "Edwin Drood" and "Weir of Hermiston"!

Caprice, Her Book. By Dorothy Senior. New York: Macmillan Co.

This is another example of a mongrel type of book which seems to be making itself particularly acceptable (among the publishers, at least) this season. It might be labelled as the "novelized" familiar essay—that old-fashioned mode of expression having no longer the courage, apparently, to stand on its own feet. The authorship of these pages is, to be sure, a patent invention. Caprice is supposed to be an English girl, who is inspired to keep a random record of her thoughts and experiences at a critical moment of her life. She is capricious, vivacious, facetious, after the somewhat lumbering manner of the female Briton who unbends. She has her solemn moments, her thoughts upon infinity, eternity, and the like. At such times her knack at quoting asserts itself with especial effect. She has FitzGerald's quatrains, "The Princess," and Longfellow's complete works at her tongue-tip, and her paragraphs are plentifully sprinkled with quotation marks. She lives in the house of her married sister; a small nephew and a smaller niece supply the bright sayings and odd doings which appear to be indispensable accessories to this kind of book. The scene is an English village, and there are rural worthies and unworthies upon the casual boards. There are also various couples, wed and unwed, of Caprice's own class, in whose relations she has a minute interest. Above all, of course, there is the young man for whom she herself is destined: he is kept at his distance quite long enough. If it were not for its artificial buoyancy, its too plain effort for brilliancy, the book would do well enough for a summer afternoon.

The Bourgeois. By H. De Vere Stacpoole. New York: Brentano's.

Bohemian Paris is, it seems, an inexhaustible treasury for the Anglo-American romancer. An established cant of the Latin quarter has come into being, and certain properties, human and other, are recognized as eligible for the kind of fiction in question. Fortunately the present story-teller does not conduct us through the worn paths of student-grisette-artist literature. The hero is an American medical student; but he is original in being a minor character of the tale; the stars are Frenchmen, an amusing group, of whom the central figure is one Frisson. This Frisson is an ex-medical student who aspires to be a playwright, and makes a living for himself and a strange parasite by miscellaneous hack-work. The hanger-on, Carabin, is a man of fifty or sixty, for many years an unsuccessful candidate for a medical degree, and a gross rascal by actual profession. His only usefulness lies in his ability to find work for Frisson to do. To this pair comes

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the young American, Peter Alabaster; not the omnipotent gamin of the familiar type, but an unsophisticated youth with no vices, who finds himself much at sea in his strange surroundings. Under the tutelage of the Frisson-Carabin group, and of a certain young woman, his education rapidly advances. He has a narrow escape from becoming a party in such a matrimonial fiasco as his father has warned him against. The real interest and merit of the book lie in the picture of the group of down-at-heels Parisians, and particularly of Frisson, an engaging and even heroic figure in his way.

SAINT TERESA THE REFORMER.

Saint Teresa of Spain. By Helen Hester Colvill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

No saint in the calendar, with the possible exception of Saint Francis of Assisi, has interested non-Catholics so much as has Santa Teresa de Jesus. While most are virtuous abstractions, the saint of Avila is very human. She had an attractive personality and enjoyed society. The gift of humor was not denied her. She had a never-failing fund of common sense, and not a few of the foibles of her sex. She is the greatest of the group of Spanish mystics, yet combined with her spiritual life a business and organizing ability of the first order. As a writer, she is one of the great names in Spanish literature, her autobiography and her "Road to Perfection" being classics. As a reformer within the church, her name is mentioned together with that of Ignatius Loyola. Her genius manifested itself in many ways, but that about her which most impresses is the perfect harmony between her spiritual and her more practical every-day life. According to Miss Colvill, Teresa's latest biographer, it was her great achievement to learn that neither the active nor the contemplative life is complete by itself; both must exist together. That is Teresa's message to a material age.

In her preface, Miss Colvill modestly disclaims all pretence to having discovered new facts or documents relating to Saint Teresa; she has merely a new point of view. The book is addressed to "the sympathetic of every creed," and is "aimed chiefly perhaps at the women who, daily reaching forth unto new spiritual domains, are glad to claim solidarity with the great women who have gone before, and have gained them the land they already possess." And again, she remarks, somewhat naïvely:

> Teresa does not come before us as the ideal mother, still less as the typical ensnarer of men, neither of which ideals is precisely what is in the mind of the advancing women of to-day. She is one of the world's great single women; that one of the virgin saints who seems nearest to us in method and in practice.

In a word, Miss Colvill's point of view is that of the suffrage reformer. We are not asked to admire Teresa the mystic, but rather Teresa the great woman, who in the sixteenth century united to the mediæval raptures of a Jeanne d'Arc the modern practical achievement of a Jane Addams. It is only fair to add that the fears aroused by this preface are unjustified. The book does not degenerate into a tract.

This point of view is after all not so very different from that of Mrs. Cunninghame Graham, who also admired the woman rather than the saint. Mrs. Graham's biography continues to be the best study of Saint Teresa in English, and Miss Colvill's work, though welcome, will not supersede it. Catholics, too, will continue to prefer their own official biographies. Miss Colvill quotes Charcot and dismisses Teresa's visions and miracles as manifestations of hysteria. This alone, in spite of the sympathetic way in which she has treated the subject, will prevent the book from winning acceptance among the faithful of Saint Teresa's church.

The work has been done with admirable thoroughness. Miss Colvill has made good use of the investigations of her predecessors, to whom she generously accords full credit. The elaborate bibliography of the subject which she has compiled attests much painstaking care. If new facts of importance have not been unearthed, it is not from want of effort on her part. She has personally visited every convent founded by Teresa in an effort to glean new material. Her work gains by the local color thus obtained.

The events of Teresa's life are set forth with much minuteness of detail. A less exhaustive treatment would have made the biography more readable, for it is Teresa's personality that interests us, rather than the detailed account of her cloistered existence. Chapter after chapter is devoted to the story of the founding of successive Carmelite convents. This matter might well have been condensed. On the other hand, too little space is given to Teresa, the woman of letters. Miss Colvill here does the subject of her study scant justice. We are told: "Her style is amateurish; ignorant of rules, by no means free from defects, not only of composition, but of grammar and spelling." But could not the same be said of Cervantes, or of almost any other European writer of the sixteenth or seventeenth century; the art of writing finished prose is a thing of yesterday in all the modern European literatures, and a uniform standard of spelling was not to come until two centuries later. Miss Colvill seems to be following Ticknor, who also thought Teresa's style slovenly. Fitzmaurice-Kelly has gone to the other extreme. To him Teresa is "the greatest woman who ever handled pen, the single one of all her sex who stands beside the world's most perfect masters." The truth probably lies between these two extremes. Certain it is that Teresa wrote with admirable simplicity, clearness, and concision. To appreciate what she has done for Castilian prose, it is only necessary to compare her style with that of any of her Spanish contemporaries. She avoided that grandiloquence which has always been the besetting sin of her nation. The characteristic *emphase espagnole* is wanting in her writings. To the nun, adornments of style were as sinful as the vanities of dress. That is probably the secret of her admirable simplicity.

The Fascinating Duc de Richelieu: Louis François Armand du Plessis (1696-1788). By H. Noel Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4 net.

Mr. Williams, who is the author of several interesting biographies of celebrated French women, now undertakes to make us acquainted with a nobleman whose courage, self-command, and general abilities were defiled by the debauchery, craftiness, and absurd extravagance common to his age.

The military life of Richelieu is certainly one of the best parts of the book. The campaigns of the eighteenth century have been so completely investigated by French historians that very little new can be expected from any one writing now. Mr. Williams, indeed, does not pretend to great originality; a conscientious writer, he has studied most of the French works on the reign of Louis XV, and his evident desire is to deal impartially with persons and events. He has a just and sober appreciation of the rôle played by Richelieu at the battle of Fontenoy; and deals properly with the bad faith of the English government after the convention of Kloster-Zeven, since convention it must be called, unfortunately for the fame of Richelieu, who should have made of it a capitulation. He remarks judiciously on the advantages that France might have derived from the brilliant advance of Richelieu on Halberstadt. "This rapid march," he says, "with an ill provisioned and shoeless army was a movement which is generally acknowledged to reflect great credit on the Marshal." The mistake made by the French ministry was to regard Richelieu, the victor of Fort Mahon, as a general capable of leading an army of 100,000 men, under extremely difficult circumstances.

Without duly exalting the character of Richelieu, Mr. Williams shows conclusively that he was not, as Carlyle exclaimed in his picturesque style, merely "a companion of flying table orgies, and a perforator of bedroom walls." It is difficult to judge of past times by our own standards of morality. Possibly, as his subject makes necessary the mention of so many scandals at the court of Louis XV, Mr. Williams might have been a

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little more explicit on the fact that if morality was much to seek in the French court, it was so everywhere. And if the high clergy and the court aristocracy were corrupt, the low clergy, the provincial nobility, and most of the people were not. Even at the French court, dialogues as coarse as those found in English dramatic works of the period would not have been tolerated. Neither has our author fallen into the general misconception that the death of Louis XIV was followed by an era of depravity totally unknown before. He calls the movement "a reaction against the religious and political principles of the late king," and this it was. We wish he had a little more plainly exposed the mistake commonly made on this point. Perhaps also the relations of Richelieu with the Philosophical party and particularly with Voltaire might have been a little more fully reported upon, though the duke in his opposition to Madame de Pompadour and Choiseul stood singularly aloof from the Encyclopædists.

Ammiani Marcellini Rerum Gestarum Libri Qui Supersunt. Recensuit rhythmiceque distinxit Carolus U. Clark. Vol. I Libri xiv-xxv. Berolini, Apud Weidmannos.

Americans have published many excellent school-editions of the classics, and some that are more than school-editions, and have made valuable contributions to the interpretation of the ancients; the day of editions "based upon the German" has surely passed. But we have here for the first time the entire remains of an ancient author, edited on the basis of a first-hand scrutiny of all the manuscript material available, a searching and, 't seems to us, conclusive estimate of the values of the different manuscripts and editions, and a judicial consideration of the emendations proposed by scholars from the Renaissance to the present day. Professor Clark undertook the task under the direction of the Berlin Academy; he has been assisted by eminent scholars abroad, mostly by Heraeus, and those lamented masters, Traube and Mommsen, but the inception of the plan and its execution are his own. Opinions are bound to differ as to the readings adopted in this passage or that, but none will fail to admire the combination of independence and conservatism that Professor Clark has shown in dealing with very difficult problems. Whatever further investigation may decide as to details, this edition in its accurate presentation of all the pertinent evidence for the establishment of the text, is final. A novelty in punctuation, which is bound to be followed in future scientific editions of certain ancient authors, is the indication of the rhythmical *cola* which the paragraphs and sentences of Ammianus's rhetorical prose contain. The editor uses a simple comma for the purpose, adding greatly to the enjoyment of the reader who cares for the movement of the clause, as well as for its sense. The second volume, which is promised shortly, will contain elaborate indices and a complete discussion of the manuscripts and their palæographical peculiarities.

Ammianus deserves this care. Despite his artificial tricks of style, his somewhat Græcized idiom, his pretentious excursuses on subjects with which he was ill-acquainted, he has, like his master Tacitus, a keen eye for character, and, in an age of hot contests, a remarkable tolerance of attitude. He was a Greek, but like another eminent Greek of his day, Claudian, a tremendous admirer of Rome; he was a Pagan, but he could praise the virtues of Christianity and censure Julian. Gibbon had the highest regard for this "philosophic soldier," whose testimony he called "unexceptionable," and on finishing the period covered by Ammianus, he declared:

> It is not without the most sincere regret that I must now take leave of an accurate and faithful guide who has composed the history of his own times without indulging the prejudices and passions which usually affect the mind of a contemporary.

Gibbon appreciated the impartiality of Ammianus, but he would have rubbed his eyes had he seen in a famous passage, as it appears in the text of Professor Clark's predecessor, Gardthausen, the name of Jesus associated with Pythagoras, Anaxagoras, and Solon. Gutschmid, tempted by pseudo-palæographical evidence, had read it into the text, and had thus converted the passage to sheer nonsense. His suggestion is not followed by Professor Clark.

Commodore John Rodgers. By Charles Oscar Paullin. Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co. $4 net.

The career of this distinguished sailor, which is now made conveniently accessible, is full of incidents, some thrilling and all honorable. After a brief training in the merchant service, Rodgers accepted a lieutenant's commission in 1798, and took part in the brilliant engagement between the Constellation and the French frigate Insurgente, returning home, after his first naval cruise, in command of this valuable prize. No less than four times he was in the Mediterranean operating against the Barbary powers, on three occasions as commander-in-chief, and nearly always successfully. "Within less than a month, by a proper show of force, Preble and Rodgers had obtained an honorable treaty with Morocco without the payment of a cent for tribute or presents."

Later, as senior officer of the American navy, he was engaged in still more significant affairs. His general order, in 1805, forbidding his commanding officers to permit themselves to be detained or their men to be taken out of their vessels, unless compelled to do so by superior force, was a spirited reply to Lord Collingwood's refusal to give up three seamen taken out of Gunboat No. 6 off Cadiz—a circumstance which presaged the War of 1812. It was Rodgers, too, who commanded the President in the Little Belt affair, an unequal and regrettable incident in itself, but one which somewhat retrieved the national honor so disgracefully impaired when the British fifty-gun ship Leopard attacked the Chesapeake and forcibly removed three American seamen who were alleged to have been deserters from the royal navy; at any rate, the incident made him, for the time, a popular hero. Rodgers was unfortunate enough to win no glorious victories in the War of 1812, although afloat in the President and at times commanding small squadrons. In at least two instances he lost great opportunities through a prudence which subsequent developments proved to have been unnecessary. From a strategic point of view, however, Rodgers's work was important in the extreme—his cruises in the vicinity of the British Islands and elsewhere carried dismay to the enemy's commerce and forced a concentration of its naval strength which cleared the way for our own returning ships. Mahan, in his "War of 1812," recognizes the soundness of Rodgers's professional opinion on this score, and points out the immense value of Rodgers's movements to the general cause. It will be remembered, also, that Rodgers formed and led a contingent of sailors who shared in the successful defence of the city of Baltimore in 1814 against the joint attack of Admiral Cochrane and Gen. Ross, displaying on that occasion the same sagacity and energy which marked his career afloat or ashore.

No officer ever took so large a part as Rodgers in the organization and administration of the Navy Department. He was interested from the first in the creation of a board of commissioners, the establishment of naval hospitals, a dockyard system, the equipment of ships, etc. President Madison offered him the portfolio of Secretary of the Navy, which he declined. The Board of Navy Commissioners was formed by law in 1815 to furnish the Secretary of the Navy with technical counsellors and administrators, a sort of general staff. When he was at their head from 1815 to 1824, and again from 1827 to 1837, Rodgers, as might be expected, left a lasting impress of his character on our store stations.

In appearance he was a muscular, vigorous man, buoyantly alive, brave and modest, capable of deep feelings and strenuous energy; a little above the

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average height, with black hair, dark eyes, and shaggy eyebrows, a handsome face, and a look of firmness and resolution. In some respects he reminds one of Lord St. Vincent, being, like this English admiral, forceful and dignified, a very strict disciplinarian, and a capable administrator. At all times and in all places he upheld the honor of the service, and was looked up to as an example of what a naval officer should be. His private life was a model of the domestic virtues and tender in all its relations. He was a truly admirable man. It was but natural that such a forceful example as his should have induced many of his connections to enter the army and the navy, which have never been without honorable representatives of his distinguished name.

The author has spared no pains to insure fulness and accuracy. We must regret a certain diffusiveness of manner and the insertion of matter, here and there, which is not immediately pertinent, however instructive. Some of this, like orders for his ships' internal economy, might better have figured in appendices, and thus have permitted a more compact and incisive treatment of the main theme—Rodgers as a man and a naval officer. It is the duty, also, of a biographer, while not minimizing the deeds of his subject, to bring out the personality of the man that the reader may know him as he was and as he appeared to his contemporaries. Although all this may be gathered from Mr. Paullin's pages, we are but slowly moved to that sympathy and understanding which Rodgers's character was so well fitted to command. Nevertheless, this biography, in itself a credit to the publishers, is a welcome contribution to our naval history, emphasizing as it does the encouraging tendency of the modern school of historians to seek below the surface for those qualities in our forefathers which made them useful servants in laying the foundations of the republic or in protecting it against assault by the foe.

Notes.

"Heroes of the Elizabethan Age," by E. Gilliat, is one of the forthcoming books of the English firm of Seeley.

Two supplementary volumes are announced by the editors of "The Cambridge History of English Literature," one to appear after the publication of Volume VII, the other after the publication of Volume XIV of the "History." Both will contain extracts in prose and verse, illustrative of the text, reproductions of title-pages, portraits, facsimiles, etc.

"The Literature of the South," by Montrose J. Moses; a romance of the South, entitled, "Deep in Piney Woods," by Col. J. W. Church, and "State Socialism in New Zealand," by Prof. J. E. Le Rossignol, are in preparation by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Ellen Glasgow's new novel, "The Miller of Old Church," will be published in a few months by Doubleday, Page & Co. The same company will issue "The Osbornes," by E. F. Benson; "Queen Sheba's Ring," by H. Rider Haggard, and Stewart Edward White's "The Rules of the Game."

From the press of Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati, will shortly appear, "The Spiritual Sense in Sacred Legends," by Edward J. Brailsford; "The Aims and Methods of Great Teachers of Judaism and Christianity," by Charles Foster Kent, and the "Methodist Year Book, 1911," edited by Oliver S. Baketel.

A. C. McClurg & Co. make the following announcements: "Princess Sayrane," by Mrs. Carter Harrison; Randall Parrish's "Keith of the Border: A Tale of the Plains"; a new and enlarged edition of Edgar Beecher Bronson's "Reminiscences of a Ranchman"; "The Red-Blooded," by the same author; "Standard Musical Biographies," by George P. Upton; "My Voice and I," by Clara Kathleen Rogers; "Sketches of English Life and Character," by Miss Mitford; "Tales of Irish Life and Character," by Mrs. S. C. Hall; Dr. Sadler's "The Cause and Cure of Colds"; the addition of four new volumes, by Edward B. Warman, to his "Psychic Science Series," dealing respectively with spiritism, suggestion, clairvoyance, and Hindu philosophy; "Christian Symbolism" and "Our Lady in Art," by Mrs. Henry Jenner; Prof. Flinders Petrie's "The Arts and Crafts of Ancient Egypt"; "The Riders of the Plains: A Record of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police of Canada," by A. L. Haydon; "English Costume," by George Clinch; "Home Life in Ireland," by Robert Lynd; "Story Telling: What to Tell and How to Tell It," by Edna Lyman, and "Building Your Boy," by Kenneth H. Wayne.

To us the most interesting parts of the "Gathered Leaves from the Prose of Mary E. Coleridge" (Dutton) are the introductory Memoir by Edith Sichel, and the concluding pages which contain "Notes of the Table Talk of William Cory at some Greek classes which he gave for Mary Coleridge and Others." In the Memoir Miss Sichel, who knew Mary Coleridge intimately, has told the story of a simple, imaginative life with a charm that seems to spring from the subject itself. Mary Coleridge had the intellect that is an inheritance of the family, with something of the aerial fancy that belonged to her great-uncle, the poet. Somebody said of her that she was "like the tail of the comet S. T. C."; and she herself once wrote: "I have no fairy god-mother, but lay claim to a fairy great-great-uncle, which is perhaps the reason that I am condemned to wander restlessly around the Gates of Fairyland, although I have never yet passed them." She wrote novels, which were interesting, but not well constructed; short stories and essays, some of which are reprinted in the present volume, including an excellent study of the character of the Duchess of Malfi; private diaries, extracts from which, together with passages from her letters, are also contained in this collection; and poems, not unlike those of Louisa Shore in quality, by which she is likely to be longest remembered among those who have time for this minor, if exquisite, literature. The selections from her works here printed are all worth reading, but to us the Table Talk of William Cory has a peculiar fascination. Cory, the author of "Ionica," more famous as one of the great masters of Eton, in his later years of retirement taught Greek to a small class of girls, including Mary Coleridge, who took notes of the lessons. Much of the record is, of course, the commonplace of instruction; but much of it is very far from commonplace, showing how Greek to this eccentric scholar was a living subject, connected vitally in his mind with all the other living topics of history. In conclusion we would quote the four lines from the memorial poem of Bernard Holland which are printed as a motto to the book, and which admirably describe Mary Coleridge:

Light was your touch upon the shadowy earth;
And yet, and yet—you loved diviner things.
Each mood you loved that changing nature brings,
You loved it well, yet knew it little worth.

Mr. Elphinstone Dayrell, district commissioner, has made an interesting collection under the title "Folk Stories from Southern Nigeria, West Africa" (Longmans). The stories are full of strange adventures, and the value of the little volume is increased by Andrew Lang's Introduction, in which he explains the various motifs, and gives savage, Greek, and modern European parallels.

The second of the Rylands facsimiles is from the single surviving copy of "A booke in Englysh metre of the great Marchaunt man called Dives Pragmaticus," written about 1563 by Thomas Newbery. The introduction, by Percy E. Newbery, is excellent and sufficient, and in its way quite as scholarly, as well as more intelligent, than the "Remarks on the Vocabulary and Dialect," by Henry Cecil Wyld. Professor Wyld's remarks evidence much learning, and he has compiled an elaborate Glossary of what he assures his readers is a scrappy and incomplete piece of chapmen's literature, quite without value to those who know anything about works of this sort. The glossary is got up according to the most approved style, and in a few cases supplies the meaning of the word, as well as references to the recognized authorities. The facsimile of the original work, like that of the Caxton, leaves absolutely nothing to be desired.

Edwin Sidney Hartland's "Primitive Paternity" (London: David Nutt) is to some extent a continuation of his "Perseus" (now out of print), some of the material of which work he here uses, but with revision and large additions. In successive chapters he discusses stories of supernatural birth; magical practices to obtain children; transformation and metempsychosis; mother-right; rise of father-right; marital jealousy; physiological ignorance on the subject of conception. All these ideas and usages he shows to have been widespread and persistent. He adduces many facts to prove that the origin of mother-right is not (as has often been held) uncertainty of paternity, but the idea that kinship was based on community of blood, the father, in savage communities, being of another kin, and the child naturally belonging by blood to the mother; and he is certainly right in holding that the movement from matrilineal to patrilineal de-

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scent was a consequence of the better organization of the family proper (father, mother, and children). The general belief in supernatural birth he here traces to ignorance of the physical relation between father and child; this point he illustrates with much new material, and he brings out with new clearness and force the importance of this latter fact in the history of man's marital and family relations. The two volumes of the work contain rich material for the study of early social life, and the material is handled by the author with skill and judiciousness. An excellent bibliography is appended.

With the seventh volume of his "History of the United States and its People" (Cleveland: The Burrows Brothers Co.), Dr. Elroy M. Avery enters upon the constitutional period, carrying onward the narrative from 1789 to the beginning of 1806. Much as this period has been written about, it has still needed an historian, especially on its social and industrial sides; for the rapid expansion of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, the latter setting in even before the Constitution was adopted, exercised upon the career of the new government an influence quite as strong as the rise of parties or the embarrassments of foreign relations. Dr. Avery avoids both the constitutional and political elaboration of Von Holst and the diffuse detail of McMaster; but it cannot be said that his narrative, in the main a summary account of events, offers novelty in its treatment. As compared with the preceding volume, one does not get so connected an impression of the period as a whole, some of the chapters reading too much like short monographs. In the exposition of really complicated situations, on the other hand, Dr. Avery is at his best, as witness the chapters on British diplomacy in the Northwest, Spanish diplomacy in the South, and the French imbroglio, where the main threads are skilfully disentangled. We note with approval the importance given to the opinions of Hamilton and Jefferson on the constitutionality of the bank, laying the foundations of the two great schools of constitutional interpretation; and the incidental recognition, doubtless to be further developed in the next volume, of Marshall's indebtedness to Hamilton. The financial situation, however, is by no means thoroughly gone into, although its outlines are clearly traced; nor do the enlivening sketches of social life make up for the scanty treatment of economic subjects which has characterized this work from the beginning. Slips in the text are rare. It is of course misleading to speak (p. 15) of each elector "casting one of his votes" for Washington in 1789, since there was no separate balloting for President at that time. Neither is it correct to say (p. 28) that the attorney-general did not become a member of the Cabinet until the creation of the Department of Justice, in 1870; for while the act of 1870 established a new executive department, with the attorney-general at the head of it, that officer was in practice a member of the Cabinet from the beginning. The influence of cotton in inducing the rejection of the twelfth article of Jay's treaty is also overrated (p. 130). The illustrations and presswork of the volume are as incomparable as ever. An appendix reproduces the text of Washington's "Farewell Address," from the manuscript in the Emmet collection, with its numerous and suggestive interlineations.

E. H. Downey's "History of Labor Legislation in Iowa" (Iowa Historical Society), which was written under the auspices of the Carnegie Institution, is especially valuable because it is the first competent study of the progress of labor legislation in an agricultural State. Although Iowa has not yet developed as complicated a code of labor laws as is found, for example, in New York, her legislation, so far as it has gone, runs parallel with that of the manufacturing States. The time and mode of wage payments, convict labor, labor in mines, on railways, and in factories, and child labor have been regulated by law; the common law of employers' liability has been modified by statute; and, since 1884, a Bureau of Labor Statistics has been in existence, which, since 1904, has boasted a factory inspector. Mr. Downey describes fully the circumstances which gave rise to legislation in these different fields, as well as the laws actually passed and their operation, and indicates, in connection with each subject, the further development of the regulative policy which he deems desirable. Equally with the author, the editor of the Iowa Historical Society, Professor Shambaugh, deserves praise for the admirable form in which the book is published.

Prof. Costanzo Rinaudo of Turin has printed "Il Risorgimento Italiano," a robust work of over 800 pages, being the substance of lectures delivered by him before the War College at Turin. As might be expected, he sets forth the orthodox, official story of Italian Independence, rather than striking out into new interpretations. The main currents are clearly traced; the secret springs are sometimes overlooked. There is a tendency also to smooth over the personal reactions on which the course of events often hinged. But the book will serve better than most Italian works for readers who seek an introduction to the history of the most astonishing national redemption of modern times. Prof. Rinaudo adds a bibliography of 1,000 titles, from which it appears that he is ignorant of the material in English and in German! The book is published by the author, 3 Via Brofferio, Turin.

Dr. Alessandro Luzio, since the death of Ernesto Masi, is the keenest Italian analyst of Risorgimento material. He has the unique advantage of being conversant with the Austrian not less than with the Italian and French sources. As Keeper of the Royal Archives at Mantua, he has further enjoyed special privileges. Welcome, therefore, are the two volumes of "Studi e Bozzetti di Storia Letteraria e Politica" (Milan: Cogliati), in which he has collected nearly two score of his recent papers. They cover a wide field of subjects, and range in time from the end of the eighteenth century down to our own day. Students will be particularly grateful for the reprint here of the monograph on Radetzky, and for several studies of Austrian policy from 1848 to 1860, including the "auto-apologies" of the Austrian commanders for their blunders in the war of 1859. A review of Queen Victoria's Letters shows up her inability to understand the Italian situation, and her lack of sympathy for the Italians struggling for liberty and independence. The account of the "moral torture" inflicted on Monsig. Luigi Martini for his book describing the persecution suffered by the martyrs of Belfiore, may seem grim to readers unfamiliar with the ways of the Congregation of the *Index*. But Dr. Luzio's facts are incontestable, and the directness with which he cross-examines witnesses is as praiseworthy as the clearness with which he presents his conclusions. These volumes ought to find a place in every library which has in stock the material essential to a knowledge of modern European history.

George E. Woodbine has edited in scholarly fashion, as his Ph.D. thesis, "Four Thirteenth Century Law Tracts" (Yale University Press). These tracts came into existence under Edward I, a time when law as a profession was beginning to attract others besides ecclesiastics. They were handy little abridgments of Bracton and Glanville, composed for the convenience of inexperienced professional pleaders. For an accurate text, Mr. Woodbine has collated many manuscripts in the British Museum and elsewhere. In a sane and restrained introduction he gives his reasons for wishing to attribute the authorship of the first tract, "Fet Asaver," to Ralph of Hengham. Such facts as we have point to Hengham's authorship, but the facts are too meagre for absolute certainty. Mr. Woodbine also makes a neat point in connecting the third and fourth tracts. Since the third, 'Modus Componendi Brevia," was in Latin, and the fourth, "Exceptions which may be Pleaded against Writs," was in the atrocious Anglo-French, used in the courts, no one ever suspected any connection between them. Mr. Woodbine shows by internal evidence that they are really but parts of a single tract, perhaps written by the same Ralph of Hengham, and that the difference in language is perfectly explained by the last sentence in the "Modus" itself: "It is the custom in England for men to plead in French and not in Latin, therefore exceptions are written in French."

The dedication of the new home of Boone Library at Wuchang, on May 16, was another striking evidence of the awakening of China. Though connected with Boone College it is virtually a public institution, for it is open to all who desire to use it and books are sent to far inland cities and towns, while a branch has been established at Hankow. The building, which Bishop Roots, in his dedicatory address, described as the handsomest in the Hankow district, contains a large assembly hall, a reading-room, and shelving capacity for 30,000 English volumes and 200,000 Chinese. The aim is to cover all branches of good Chinese literature as well as the masterpieces of the Western, religious and secular. The college students (420 in number, including the preparatory department) at an enthusiastic meeting decided to try during the summer vacation to secure by gifts or to buy as many such works as possible. On the platform at the dedication exercises were several prominent Chinese officials, two of whom, the president of the Provincial Legislature and the director of education for the province of which Wuchang is the capital, made addresses. With them was the commander-in-chief of the Viceroy's forces, who seemed most interested in

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the hymn which closed the exercises, "God save the Emperor."

The tenth "part" of the Goldene Klassiker edition of Goethe (see *Nation*, April 21, p. 409), edited by Karl Alt, contains "Faust, Erster Teil, Zweiter Teil," and all the important paralipomena, with an introduction of sixty-four pages. The fourteenth "part" is to contain the "Urfaust," the "Fragment" of 1790, and the "Helena" of 1800, while the commentary will presumably appear in volume eighteen. The introduction covers the necessary ground with clearness and a reasonable degree of thoroughness, and without dragging in irrelevant matter or urging doctrinaire theses. The notes are brief and to the point, and avoid in a commendable fashion the controversial tendencies encountered in so many editions of "Faust." The inevitable array of parallel passages is reduced to the minimum; in fact, some scholars might consider it below the minimum. To be sure, not everything brought forward as a parallel is one, and often such a citation serves only to obscure the real or fancied difficulty, whereas the mere placing side by side of two true parallels is frequently enough to make both of them perfectly clear, though one or both, alone, would have been obscure. Alt may have preferred, as a matter of principle, to keep well within the bounds of necessity rather than to run the risk of seeming to value his commentary above the drama itself. The same may be true with respect to another marked general tendency on the part of "Faust" commentators, viz., to show just how much of Goethe's own self is embodied in each of the characters. Here again Alt resists temptation. As a result, his commentary serves the main purpose of elucidating most, though hardly all, of the difficult passages, whereas it might have undertaken to make us still more thoroughly acquainted than it does with Goethe's characteristic thought and feeling as revealed in "Faust." Judged, however, as a part of an annotated edition of Goethe's works, this volume will not suffer by comparison with any now on the market. In fact, his is the only one that prints all the versions in full. To some this may seem extravagant, but to others it will appear well worth while, since it brings before the reader the material necessary for a genetic study of "Faust," the superiority of which method was referred to in the review of Gräf's new edition (*Nation*, January 20, p. 68). It would not be surprising if we should some day have an edition modelled after Baechtold's "Goetz" and "Iphigenie," with the various versions printed in parallel columns, the variant readings of important texts and manuscript fragments at the bottom of the page, and the paralipomena inserted so far as possible in their proper connection.

The leading critical theological journal of Germany, the *Theologische Literaturzeitung* of Leipzig, edited since its establishment in 1875 by Professors Harnack and Schürer, will now for the first time experience a change in its editorship. The place of the recently deceased Schürer will be taken by Prof. Arthur Titius of Göttingen and by Dr. Hermann Schuster of Hanover, Professor Harnack remaining on the staff until the beginning of the new year, when on account of other work he retires. The *Zeitung* is a bi-weekly and is published by Hinrichs of Leipzig.

The death is reported, in his fifty-second year, of Dr. David Lee Maulsby, who, since 1891, was professor of English literature and oratory at Tufts College.

Science.

A curious problem in tobacco culture has been worked out experimentally in France, and is reported to the Académie des Sciences. The production of nicotine has become insufficient to supply the demand for the treatment of plants and animals. To ascertain if the cultivation of tobacco plants for the special production of this alkaloid would pay, experiments were begun in Brittany and in the centre of France. It was found that the quantity of nicotine produced by the tobacco plants per acre depended chiefly on the head-cutting or polling of the plants. By leaving only six leaves to a plant the weight of nicotine produced became four or five times as much as that where all the leaves were left, that is precisely in inverse ratio with the tobacco crop. In the central department of the lot, the maximum weight of nicotine for 20,000 six-leaved plants was nearly 350 pounds. With the price at which tobacco leaves are sold, even this maximum production, under the most favorable conditions, would cost far more than it would bring. Tobacco will not therefore be cultivated in France for the nicotine which it produces; and, if the supply of the alkaloid is insufficient, it must be increased from other tobacco-producing countries.

"Who's Who Among the Ferns," compiled and illustrated by W. I. Beecroft (New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.), is, in spite of the sensational title, a most valuable book. The author has adopted a practical method of identification, which renders the determination of the names easy and even pleasant. The illustrations are wholesomely plain, but serve their purpose fully. There are two admirable features presented by this convenient handbook which are worthy of special mention—the precedence given to the common names of ferns, and the blank spaces left for field notes. A handier guide to these attractive plants has not yet come to our notice.

"The Catalogue of the Fowering Plants and Ferns of Connecticut, Bulletin No. 14 of the State Geological and Natural History Survey of the State of Connecticut," serves the excellent purpose of stimulating further research along the given lines. For without a list of this sort an amateur, at least, never knows when he is making a real discovery, and when simply duplicating work already done. He therefore lacks incentive. The authors of this treatise have worked successfully in their respective fields, and the composite is worthy of commendation. The work will give a great impetus to the investigation of the Eastern flora and will do much to settle many disputed questions in regard to the distribution of our plants.

William H. Wright's "The Black Bear" and "The Grizzly Bear" (Scribner) contain good accounts of those two interesting American mammals. About half of the former volume is devoted to a biography of the author's pet black bear, "Ben," which he captured as a cub and kept for several years. Mr. Wright knew a good deal about bears before he got "Ben," but he learned a good deal more afterward; and the development of his acquaintance with "Ben," as he describes it, is most interesting. The remainder of the book is devoted to a careful and informing account of the habits of this species in its native state, and includes much instructive comparison of *Ursus Americanus* with his more formidable relative, the grizzly. The account of the grizzly, though it also contains much natural history of the animal, is more from the point of view of the hunter.

Edward Breck's "Wilderness Pets at Camp Buckshaw" (Houghton Mifflin) presents in simple descriptive form much correct natural history concerning various animals captured by a backwoodsman naturalist and his guests, a party of boys and girls, and more or less tamed and domesticated at his camp. In this way are set forth many of the simpler and more significant facts in the life histories of the bear, the flying-squirrel, the crow and the raven, the moose, the porcupine, the loon, and other animals, and, incidentally, it is shown in a very convincing manner how much real pleasure and profit comes of making friends of one's wilderness neighbors. For these reasons, it is a capital book put into the hands of young people who are intending to camp out.

Music.

Judaism in Music. By Richard Wagner. Translated by Edwin Evans. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

Franz Liszt. By Raphaël Ledos de Beaufort. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. New Edition, $1.25.

Richard Wagner was one of the worst as well as one of the best of German prose writers. There are in his numerous volumes many pages as direct and concise, as clear, brilliant, and witty as the best pages of Heine or Schopenhauer; but there are also not a few in which he is as involved, turgid, and inelegant as Kant or Hegel. His essay on the Jews in Music contains specimens of both styles—epigrammatic sentences that stick in the memory being followed by paragraphs vague in the original and still more so in translation. In making an English version of this essay, Edwin Evans, for the sake of greater clearness, divided the unbroken German text into half a dozen sections, under the heads: Introductory, Characteristics, Art-Relations, Musical Creation, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, besides introducing numerous marginal sub-heads, as well as footnotes.

In these footnotes—which are the chief *raison d'être* of this edition, for the essay has been translated repeatedly—Mr. Evans dwells not so much on the

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principal thesis as on such themes as are incidental to the main argument, although he does not neglect the opportunity to applaud or censure details of that argument; calling attention, for instance, to the fact that "all vehemence becomes suddenly absent upon the mention of Mendelssohn's name, and Wagner's sincerity may easily be traced in the fact of the kindly tone being so well sustained."

Sixty years have passed since Wagner committed the indiscretion of attacking the Jews in music at a time when Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer were the chief idols, and their followers the arbiters of taste, and when the German press was practically in Hebrew hands. He can hardly be blamed, however, for writing this essay; for, as one biographer has remarked, "it made his heart bleed to see how two exotic Jewish composers, not of the first rank, were almost monopolizing concert halls and opera houses, to the exclusion of the German classical masters; and it caused his soul the deepest anguish to see how his own works, more inspired, written on a higher level, and purely German, were neglected by his countrymen."

While the situation has entirely changed, the effects of that pamphlet have not quite disappeared, even now. Eighteen years after the first printing of "Das Judenthum in der Musik," in a musical periodical, Wagner brought it out in pamphlet form with some "Elucidations" addressed to the Countess Nesselrode, who had asked him for an explanation of the extraordinarily hostile attitude of the press in all countries (except Russia) toward his works and artistic enterprises. These Elucidations which are as long as the original essay, are included in Mr. Evans's volume. In them Wagner attempts to prove that this hostility had its chief source in that essay of 1850. The insult to their race contained in it rankled in the breasts of Jewish journalists, and their revenge took the form of persistent attacks on his works and projects. He ignores other factors that came into play, but undoubtedly there was some truth in his contention.

The most extraordinary detail in this warfare is that Wagner's field marshal, Franz Liszt, suffered more damage from it than he himself. Liszt had come to the rescue in the hour of deepest distress, and for this the enemies of Wagner fell upon him with unbridled fury. And while the opposition to Wagner himself has practically ceased, Liszt is still the target of arrows poisoned in those days. There can be no doubt of this whatever. Probably the censures of Liszt's works by some prominent critics of the day, in this country as well as in Europe, are sincere; but why are they so venomous? Liszt was the noblest, the most altruistic musician that ever lived; for everybody he had a helping pen or purse; no one ever did so much for living composers as well as for the old masters. Why, therefore, do these critics always write so bitterly, so sneeringly about him? The only plausible explanation is that they are still influenced by the traditional manner of treating Liszt which had its source in his missionary work for Wagner. The situation is quite as amusing as it is deplorable; for most of these writers who thus sneer at Liszt are ardent admirers of Wagner!

The public has long ceased, fortunately, to be affected by the paradoxically scornful attacks on Liszt; his works are steadily growing in popularity, and the number of publications on him also is increasing from year to year. No one is surprised, therefore, at the appearance of a new edition of De Beaufort's story of his life, which was originally published in 1886, shortly after his death, following the exhausting visit to England. Even this volume is affected by the traditional attitude toward Liszt, of whom the author says: "It is highly probable that he will only live in men's memory as an executant"; but that is the only *bêtise* we have noticed. The present edition is enlarged by twenty pages containing the articles on Liszt in Rome, contributed to the New York *Sun* last year by the Russian Princess Schahawskoi (Nadine Helbig). There are also lists of Liszt's works and his pupils.

Richard Strauss's new opera, in three acts, "Der Rosenkavalier," will be brought out in December at the Hoftheater in Dresden.

The Norwegian composer, Jean Selmer, died about a fortnight ago at Venice. He was born in 1844; was successful as a musical conductor, and composed orchestral pieces, songs, and cantatas.

The death is announced from Milan, in his seventieth year, of the Italian composer, Emilio Usiglio. At the age of nineteen, after having studied harmony under Giovanni Rossi, he composed an opera based upon Goldoni's comedy "La Locandiera"; this was followed by a long series of operas by which the author achieved national, though scarcely international, fame.

Charles Lenepveu, a French composer, died last week in Paris. He was born on October 4, 1840, at Rouen, received his education at the Lycée in Rouen, and studied music at the Conservatory in Paris. In 1865 he won the *grand prix de Rome*, with a cantata, "Renaud dans les jardins d'Armide." Among his other works are "Le Florentin," a comic opera completed in 1874; "Velléda," a grand opera bearing the date of 1882; "Jeanne d'Arc," a lyric drama published four years later; a requiem mass, published in 1893; a funeral and triumphal hymn, and a "Ode triomphale à Jeanne d'Arc" (1892), and "Méditation," a composition for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra, based on verses by Corneille, which was completed in 1885. He was an officer of the Legion of Honor and of public instruction, a commander of St. Gregory the Great, and of the Crown of Italy, a member of the Institute, a professor of composition in the Conservatory of Music, an inspector of musical education, and a member of the Superior Council of Musical Education.

Art.

Histoire de l'imagerie populaire flamande et de ses rapports avec les imageries étrangères. Par Emile H. van Heurck, membre de la commission administrative du Musée de Folklore d'Anvers, et G. J. Boekenoogen, docteur ès lettres à Leyde. Pp. ix, 728. Illustrated. Bruxelles: Librairie Nationale d'Art and d'Histoire, G. van Oest & Cie.

The French term "imagerie populaire" covers a rather wide field, corresponding to our chap-books, fly-leaves, and similar "literature," often almost entirely pictorial in character, published for the edification of the masses, or the folk, as it is customary in several quarters to designate them. This monograph, profusely illustrated with facsimile reproductions of engravings (single and in series), fly-leaves, etc., treats in detail of the history of this sort of folk-literature (the term is somewhat inaccurate) in Belgium, in which country the town of Turnhout, especially, has been renowned as a centre of its production. The volume, sumptuous typographically and otherwise, is issued in an edition of but 520 copies (of these twenty on Japan paper), and is quite appropriately dedicated to Max Elskamp, poet and engraver, and also founder of the Folk-Lore Museum in Antwerp. It will probably remain the authoritative work for this part of the Continent. Its preparation was made possible by the fact that both authors had been for years collecting these old engravings and crude picture-books, particularly the actual blocks and cuts.

The art of folk-pictures has now succumbed to the monotony of execution characteristic of modern machinery and to the banality of subjects dealt with to-day, when the workman no longer thinks or invents. Concerning the earlier art, the authors remark (p. 17):

In spite of all imperfections of execution, the old art was characteristic and beautiful. The old pictures were not always mere rude sketches made by hands unskilful and ignorant of drawing. There is very often perceptible in these ephemeral leaves a tone of greatness and authority. The humble artist, sprung from the people and dwelling in their midst, knows the soul of the folk and is able to move it. He has his own way of interpreting with the pencil men, animals, plants, houses, and everything about him. He knows how to give the necessary relief to certain details by enlarging or deforming them at will. The seeming unskilfulness which is one of the charms of the

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older art is often intentional; it is accounted for by a careful examination and a certain knowledge of folk-psychology. The folk has its traditional and secular fashion of conceiving beings and things; delicate literature and refined art do not captivate it. Masters of the pencil, great and noble artists, have sought to renovate folk-pictures, but their efforts have been barren; their pictures, skilfully made, but executed according to classical canons, do not sell. They lacked the gift of stirring the folk-soul. . . . To-day the picture is the negation of art. The folk loves what is harmonious in color, and what affects by expression of the line and originality of the word. The modern picture, with its academic drawing, its discordant chemical colors, its banal and pedantic prose, its colorless verses, possesses none of the appreciable qualities of the old picture.

The earliest folk-pictures seem to have been of a religious nature. Subsequently they became legendary, military, realistic, anecdotal, satirical, philosophical, political, documentary, and vulgarizing. It is rather surprising to find so small an element in these folk-pictures that can be regarded as directly literary. Not standard-printed books are the chief sources of the tales treated in these pictures; the subjects are drawn from songs and facetiæ widespread among the common people, or have been invented out of hand. It has often happened, of course, that the publishers have made use of plates from such books as the "Fables of Æsop," but this has been because they were able to obtain such cuts cheaply. It is not until towards the beginning of the nineteenth century, when publishers began to copy the competing pictures of the neighboring countries, that the tales of "Mother Goose," "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels," and the like, figure in the folk-pictures of the Low Countries.

The makers of folk-pictures were great plagiarists and shameless copiers of one another's art, and in the transferences which they made, not a few blunders occurred both in the arrangement of the cuts and in the wording of the legends accompanying them. In some cases little attention was paid to historical accuracy, the same picture, *e. g.*, serving for several entirely different things. Thus the picture of Mary, wife of William of Orange (afterwards King of England), is found doing duty for all the princesses of the House of Orange down to the Revolution; and about 1820, although his features must have been almost universally well-known, a fairly good picture of Napoleon was put out as representing the hereditary prince of the Low Countries.

The authors announce their intention of publishing in the near future a less extensive Dutch edition of this book, which has been given a French dress in order to obtain a wider circulation for the data it contains. Certainly no collection aiming to illustrate the history of folk-art can afford to be without this monograph.

Finance.

STRENGTHENING A BANK POSITION

When the surplus reserve of the New York Associated Banks reached $55,743,000 in the middle of the present month, it established the highest record in almost exactly two years. Not since September, 1908, had it reached so large a figure. Furthermore, it may be said that in only three of the past twenty-five years have the banks reported a larger surplus than last Saturday's—in 1908, 1904, and 1894. Those were three periods of industrial reaction, and they followed in each case a season of prolonged Stock Exchange liquidation. The aspect in which the present abnormally large bank surplus differs from those of the other years referred to is the rapidity with which it has been created. The $65,170,000 maximum of two years ago was touched on August 22, 1908; the chapter of liquidation of which it was the sequel had begun in March, 1907. The $58,613,000 high level of six years ago was reported on August 20, 1904; but the liquidation movement had continued since March, 1903. The $111,623,000 of sixteen years ago appeared on February 3, 1894; but the markets had begun their reactionary movement in March of the preceding year. In the present instance, it is less than eight months since even the Stock Exchange liquidation began.

The reason for such abnormal increase in surplus bank reserves at the larger money markets, after a season of financial and industrial reaction, is simple. The surplus reserve represents the excess in a bank's cash holdings over the sum which would make up the 25 per cent. of net deposits required by law. Such an excess might be created by unusually large addition to cash holdings, or by unusually large reduction in the deposit fund. Reduction of loans cancels an equivalent amount of deposits. Therefore, when surplus reserves mount up to unusually high figures, it is to be presumed that banks have either been taking large amounts of currency into their vaults or else have been heavily curtailing loans. As a matter of fact, it is the cash account which has usually been responsible. When the New York surplus reserve touched the high-water mark in 1904, cash holdings were $111,000,000 above the same date the year before, but loans were also $181,000,000 larger. So, too, of the highest surplus of 1908, when cash holdings, as compared with the year preceding, were up $141,000,000 and loans $212,000,000.

The common explanation for such a loan expansion, at an hour of financial and industrial reaction, is that a banker naturally seeks to employ his increased resources, and that he is enabled to do so, on a considerable scale, by redeeming loans which had previously been placed in foreign markets, or by taking over, from our own interior markets, loans which had previously been carried by institutions there. It is undoubtedly in this way that the New York Associated Banks have found opportunity to increase their loans $63,000,000 in the past four weeks—a period when Eastern trade was exceptionally dull and the Stock Exchange demand for credit exceptionally light.

Last Saturday, the weekly bank statement, for the first time since the close of June, reported a decrease in the surplus reserve, and this week the movement of currency, which for weeks has been away from interior markets and in the direction of New York, seems to have reversed itself. From now on, the West and South will be drawing currency from the East for harvest purposes. In the five months after the high August surplus reserve of 1904, this outflow drew $73,000,000 in cash from the New York banks; in the similar period after the maximum surplus of 1908, it drew away $67,000,000. It is hardly to be doubted that a similar process will be at work this coming autumn. Nevertheless, the salient fact remains that the New York banks, which six weeks ago were in no position to encounter satisfactorily the autumn money-market requirements, are now in an exceptionally strong position. As against the present surplus reserve of $50,000,000, the banks reported only $19,500,000 a year ago this week, and less than $10,000,000 at the corresponding date in each of the three years 1905, 1906, and 1907.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Booth, E. C. The Doctor's Lass. Century Co. $1.30 net.
Coker, F. W. Organismic Theories of the State. Columbia University.
Corbin, T. W. Modern Engines. Fenno. 75 cents.
Crocker, F. B., and Arendt, M. Electric Motors. Van Nostrand. $2.50 net.
Everett, L. L. The Closed Book, and Other Poems. Wessels & Bissell Co. $1.25 net.
Graves, H. S. Protection of Forests from Fire. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Godfrey, E. The Cradle of a Poet. Lane Co. $1.50.
Howland, G. C. Elementary Lessons in English. 2 vols. Chicago: McClurg.
Hazard, R. H. The House on Stilts. Dillingham. $1.50.
Hilkey, C. J. Legal Development in Colonial Massachusetts. 1630-1686. Columbia University.
Hill, R. T. The Public Domain and Democracy. Columbia University.
Howard, C. The Passover (an Interpretation). Fenno. $1 net.
Hume, F. The Peacock of Jewels. Dillingham. $1.25.
Kelly, M. New Faces. Dillingham. $1.50.
Klein, C., and Hornblow, A. John Marsh's Millions. Dillingham.
MacCunn, F. Sir Walter Scott's Friends. Lane Co. $3.50 net.
McConnell, F. J. Religious Certainty. Eaton & Mains. $1 net.

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Mayer, A. G. Medusæ of the World. Vols. I and II. Carnegie Inst. of Wash.
Müller, W. M. Egyptological Researches. Vol. II, Results of a Journey in 1906. Carnegie Inst. of Wash.
Murray, W. S. The Making of the Balkan States. Columbia University.
Papers of the San Francisco Com. of Vigilance of 1851. I, edited by P. Garnett. Berkeley: Univ. of Cal.
Raine, W. M. Bucky O'Connor. Dillingham. $1.50.
Rostand's Chantecler. Translated by G. Hall. Duffield.
Underhill, C. R. Solenoids. Van Nostrand Co. $2 net.
Walcott, C. D. Cambrian Geology and Paleontology. Nos. 6 and 7. Smithsonian Institution.
Watson, G. Forbidden Ground. Lane Co. $1.35 net.

Ready This Week

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Eugene Manlove Rhodes's Good Men and True

This lively story of what happened on our Mexican border to a young man who was trying to learn typewriting, has been somewhat expanded since its serial appearance in the *Saturday Evening Post* last winter. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

William T. Walsh's The Mirage of the Many

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